THE CITIZEN.

"Europe, not England, is the Mother Country of America."

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A FAIRY MOUNTAIN.

Legends of Slieve Golry, and the Country Around it, by Miss Banim.

Early Days of Maria Edgeworth, the Novelist.

SLIEVE GOLRY,

in the day when it was called Bri-Leith, was a fairy palace, inhabited by the fairy chief, Midir; this was 100 years before the Incarnation, as the story tells. This prince of Tuatha De Danaan was fair, with golden curls growing in such profusion on his forehead that he wore a fillet of gold to confine them and keep them in order; his dress was a shirt woven with threads of gold, and a long flowing green cloak, a brooch of gold fastening the cloak and reaching from shoulder to shoulder. His shield was of silver with a rim of gold, trappings of silver, and a boss of gold; he carried a sharp pointed spear covered with rings of gold from its socket to its heel, and his horse was a curvetting, prancing, broad backed, curly-maned, curly-tailed steed.

Now, at the same time there dwelt in this land a beautiful princess with whom the fairy chief of Slieve Golry had fallen in love. But the King of Erin also fell in love with her, as he one day rode by the fair green of Bri Leith (Slieve Golry), where he saw the Lady Edain beside a fountain, dressing her hair. Her comb and her toilet casket were of silver, the basin in which she washed her hair was of silver, with four golden birds perched upon its rim, which sparkled with gems. The Lady Edain's gown was long and warm, gathered and soft, of shining green silk fastened at the bottom and shoulders with wonderful clasps of gold and silver, and these—the gems and the silken robe—shone so that their reflection in the sun dazzled

THE KING AND HIS RETINUE;

a red mantle of a beautiful gloss lay beside her; her hair was of the color of the furze in May; and she was remarkable not only for her beauty, but her learning. The King of Erin asked the Lady Edain to become his bride on the spot; married her, and returned with her to his palace at Tara.

Some time after, as the King was in his palace, a stranger of remarkable appearance came before him—"Who is this man who is not known to us, and what is his business?" asked the king. "He is not a man of any distinction, but he has come to play a game of chess with you," said the stranger. "Are you a good chess player?" inquired the king. "A trial will tell," replied the stranger. "Our chessboard is in the queen's apartment, and we cannot disturb her at present," said the king. "It matters not, for I have a chessboard of no inferior kind here with me," said the stranger. "What do we play for?" asked the king. "Whatever the winner demands," replied the stranger. They played a game, which was won by the stranger. "What is your demand now?" said the king. "Edain, your queen," said the stranger, "but I will not demand her till the end of the year."

The stranger then disappeared, leaving the king sorrowful and confounded, and when a year had passed he gave a great entertainment at Tara, surrounding himself and his queen with all the bravest warriors of the realm, while a strong guard kept watch on all sides of the palace, and thus they waited until night, secure, as they thought, from all danger. But, as the middle of the night approached, suddenly the king saw the stranger standing before him and the queen. The stranger addressed a long poem to Edain, inviting her to go with him to his beautiful land, where was neither grief nor care; where all were young and ever beautiful, and none died of decrepid old age; where the inhabitants could see all who were in this world, yet were themselves invisible to mortal eyes; where clear streams and choicest flowers and plenty of all kinds made the land fairer than all the fairest

PLAINS OF INNISFAIL.

The stranger then made the queen arise and go with him. A spell having been cast upon both king and queen, she could not resist and her husband could not prevent her being carried off, while the spell rendered all three invisible to the courtiers, to the brave warriors, and to the strong guard watching without. When morning came, the king summoned his chief Druid before him and commanded him to set out in search of the queen, never to return until he had found her. At the end of a year and a day the Druid discovered that the beautiful Edain had been carried off by Midir and was hidden in the country beneath Slieve Golry, whither the King of Erin repaired with a great force and had the hill dug up until at last the fairy palace was reached. Even then, Midir sought by magic arts to keep Edain, sending out of the hill fifty fair women all so exactly like the queen that, save for a sure token she gave him, the king himself could not have known her. But at last she was recovered and returned with the king to their royal palace at Tara.

The substance of this legend is to be found in Prof. O'Curry's lectures, and I give it, not alone on account of its telling of the wondrous life in and around Slieve Golry and its adjacent plain, but because it describes very particularly some of the dress, ornaments, and textures used in Ireland in ancient times; the story is found in MSS. so old that these descriptions may be taken as proofs of the advanced state of the manufactures of gold, silver, and of various fabrics in Erin at a very early date, for of course the writers of these legends spoke of things they had actually seen.

The boy was possessed of many good qualities, but the Rousseaunian theories of education did not turn out a perfect success in his case, and were not again tried with any of Mr. Edgeworth's numerous family, the second of whom, Maria, was born at Hare Hatch, near Reading, Berkshire, in 1767. When Maria was but 6 years old her mother died, and four months later Mr. Edgeworth married a Miss Honora Sneyd, an English lady, to whom he was deeply attached. With her he took up his residence in Ireland, bringing Maria with him for a short time to Edgeworthstown, where she appears to have received all a mother's kindness from

THE SECOND MRS. EDGEWORTH;

but her childhood was principally spent with her mother's sisters in England until her 15th year, when Mr. Edgeworth, having again become a widower, and having again married—this time Miss Elizabeth Sneyd, sister to his second wife—he finally brought his eldest daughter to live in Ireland in the year 1782, a period full of great and momentous occurrences in Irish history.

Hitherto Mr. Edgeworth had aided in the education of his daughter by correspondence; from this time forth a new life began for her and for him. A man of marvellous versatility of tastes and activity of mind, Mr. Edgeworth not only entered warmly into engrossing political movements of the day, but he also appears to have become, as soon as he inherited his Irish estate, a genuine lover of his adopted country. He became what I may term an Irish aristocratic radical; with undoubted earnestness he entered into all the business of his property; turned his talents to the study not alone of all that might benefit his own fortune, but also of whatever appeared to his judgment likely to improve the condition of his Irish tenantry, and he appears to have truly won the love and esteem of those who were dependent on him. To his new mode of life—that of a resident landlord determined to fulfill the duties of his station—Mr. Edgeworth brought indefatigable energy, love of knowledge, scientific and mechanical genius, natural love of truth and justice, and good temper and courtesy—absolutely necessary in dealing with the Irish people. In one way or another he wisely associated every member of his family with his work, making an especial friend, companion, and helper of his daughter Maria, who thus gained those early habits of observation of character and friendly intercourse with her father's tenantry and neighbors that proved invaluable to her in later life. There is not in all her writings a passage that, to us who know its truth, more clearly shows Miss Edgeworth's power of reading character than does the following; it occurs in her continuation of her father's Memoirs, where she tells that it was her habit to be with him upon all business occasions, thus [illegible] very closest manner:

"To his character as a good landlord was soon added that he was a real gentleman. This phrase, pronounced with well-known emphasis, comprises a great deal in the opinion of the lower Irish. They seem to have an instinct for the real gentleman, whom they distinguish, if not at first sight, infallibly at first hearing, from every pretender to the character. They observe that the real gentleman bears himself most kindly, is always the most civil in speech, and ever seems the most tender of the poor. This good seeming, they found, was something more than seeming in my father. They soon began to rely upon his justice as a magistrate. This is a point where, their interest being nearly concerned, they soon discovered that Mr. Edgeworth leaned neither to Protestant nor Catholic, to Presbyterian nor Methodist; that he was not the favorer nor partial protector of his own or any other man's followers. They found that the law of the land was not in his hands an instrument of oppression or pretense for popularity. They discerned that he did even justice, neither inclining to the people for the sake of popularity nor to the aristocracy for the sake of power. This was a thing so unusual that they could at first hardly believe that it was really what it was they saw. . . . But the plain facts forced their way, 'Go before Mr. Edgeworth and you will surely get justice,' was soon the saying of the neighborhood. Besides relying on his justice they felt, with all the warmth of their warm hearts, his eagerness to exert himself in the cause of the injured or oppressed. This touches the Irish more than all the rest, they really are more attached by what touches their hearts than by what concerns only their interests."—*Mary Banim in the Dublin Freeman.*

The German Emperor.

William II. has been for three years emperor, and in this time has succeeded not only in winning the respect of foreign cabinets, but in strengthening himself at home. He succeeded a father idolized by all who came within the sphere of his gentle and generous nature; his grandfather left behind a warlike fame so great that only the fame of Frederick II. can afford a parallel. The present emperor has had, therefore, no easy task before him, for it has been necessary for him both to remove prejudice and to give the country confidence in his intention as well as in his abilities.

The secret of the emperor's power with his own people arises mainly from three causes:

First. He has courage.
Second. He is honest.
Third. He is a thorough German.

If the whole country had to vote tomorrow for a leader embodying the qualities they most desired, their choice would fall unquestionably on their present constitutional ruler. Perhaps the virtues I have specified appear commonplace, and will be taken for granted by the reader; but an emperor must be compared with others in the same trade.

His honesty has been the cause of nearly all the malevolent criticism that outside papers have accorded him, for he has said freely what older or more politic people might have placed in a different way. He has made many minor mistakes from acting upon the impulse of the moment, but these mistakes have never betrayed to his people a want of sympathy with their development. He has made his share of minor blunders in handling large masses of troops at the grand manœuvers, but the army would be happy to see him make a thousand times as many rather than to miss the active interest he takes in keeping the military machine in working order.—*Poultney Bigelow in the August Century.*

CASUALTIES IN IRELAND.

A melancholy accident occured on the 14th ult., in Wardsborough, Lisburn, off Railway street. An old man named Dan McLarnon, over 70 years of age, was in the act of proceeding down a stair in his dwelling, when he accidentally stumbled and fell to the ground. When lifted he was found to be dead, his neck having been broken.

A young man named Michael Mullane, who had been missing from his home during the previous two days, was found on July 16, drowned in the Blackwater, about two miles from Mallow.

Michael Droney, a young man, living at Toames, near Macroom, was drowned on July 16, while out bathing near Droumcarra bridge.

The coroner for North Down held an inquest July 14 on the body of a young gentleman named Aaron McCormick, at Bangor. Deceased, in company with his brother, went to bathe in the forenoon at Glenghanna, the residence of Mr. Kingan, J.P., and was swept out and drowned, Sergts. Kennedy and Daly, of Bangor, went to the scene and succeeded in recovering the body. The jury returned a verdict of "death from drowning."

While a young man named Poole was handling a gun in the house of his father, who keeps the postoffice and grocery store in Rosenallis, Queen's county, about three miles from Mountmellick, the charge accidentally went off, striking the young man's sister, who was standing near, blowing away the front and upper portion of her head, causing instant death. Great sympathy is felt for Mr. Poole and his family, who are very popular in the district.

An old man named Brosnan, who held a small farm in a place called Garryneder, near Lispole, went out on July 10 to bring in his cows to be milked. Not having returned with the cows, his wife went out to see what had happened and found him dead near a ditch.

A farmer named Michael Regan, who resided in Garryduff, near Kanturk, committed suicide by hanging himself. He had been, it is alleged, under a writ of eviction, which, it was believed, had unsettled his mind.

One of the keepers at Tuskar lighthouse, a man named O'Leary, had his right hand blown off while firing a fog signal. He was taken on board the Cephalonia and conveyed to Bootle Hospital.

At Bundoran, July 12, two ladies named Grady and O'Reilly entered the water at ebb tide to bathe, and shortly afterwards were noticed drifting towards the sea. Two gentlemen who were also in bathing swam towards them, but they were overpowered by the tide, and were only rescued by means of a boat. Another boat was rowed toward the ladies, who continued above water, and were ultimately reached and taken in. When the boat returned to shore, however, it was found that both were lifeless.

Joseph Gillespie, aged 12, the son of a merchant in Ballyshannon, was drowned while bathing in the river on July 17.

THE OLD PIKE.

An Historical Ballad.

Here, take that little pikehead;
'Tis rusted now, and old;
The handle metal tempered,
Is mouldering, too, and cold;
'Twas Shaun-a-gow of Acres—
My father said—who made
And mounted well the handle
Of that once trusty blade.

The ash shaft may be rotten,
The steel shall shine again!
Of treachery to Ireland
It never bore a stain,
It drank, at Ross and Wexford,
Of Saxon blood its fill,
And charged, with Father Murphy,
The day at Oulart Hill.

When Saxon shot resounded,
Before "Three Bullet Gate,"
The old pike charged the yeomen,
Persistently as fate;
And when the "rebels'" onset
The gateway battered down,
That pike-head was the foremost
Within the conquered town.

My father fell behind it
Upon the Barrow's banks—
His comrades boldly leading
Against the English ranks;
And, with his life blood dyeing
The emerald of the lea,
His trusty pike, a heritage
Of hate, he willed to me.

I shouldered, too, that pike head,
With Meagher in 'Forty Eight.'
Ah! coward counsels—curse them!
They brought us to defeat.
Once more, from out its hiding
Within the big oak tree,
It came—'The Old Chief' called it
Our Erin to set free.

Again the fates decided
Our country should remain
A slave to faithless Albion,
And drag a weary chain.
But, take you, son, this rebel pike;
No grief or joy your fate,
Bear with it to the Saxon foe
My heritage of hate.

Ah! nerveless grow my sinews!
There's cold damp on my brow;
Death's muffled sounds and footfalls
Are in my chamber now.
Then swear you on this pike head,
While yet your face I see,
To give your life—if dying
Should make old Ireland free.

—*Glasgow Observer.*

CATHOLIC NEWS.

Doings In and Around the Court of the Vatican.

Interesting Holy Places in the South of France.

ROMAN EVENTS.

PROPOSED CANONIZATION OF A FRANCISCAN TERTIARY.

A congregation was held in the vatican palace on Saturday, for the purpose of discussing the heroicity of the virtues of the venerable Maria Crocefisa della Cinque Piaghe, tertiary of the Alcantarina branch of the Franciscan Order. His Eminence, Cardinal Alcisa Massela, prefect of the Sacred Congregation of Rites, presided. The presentation of the cause was made by Cardinal Monico La Velletta. There were also present several of the cardinals belonging to the same congregation, the secretary, Mgr. Caprara, Mgr. Mussi, and other prelates and officials of the congregation.

NOMINATIONS.

The Holy Father has been pleased to nominate his Eminence, Cardinal Isidore Verga, protector of the Institute of the daughters of St. Anna, and his Eminence, Cardinal Vincenzo Vannutelli, protector of the Sisters of the Perpetual Adoration.

NEW CARDINAL.

It is rumored that Mgr. Folchi has received the intimation that he will be created cardinal in the consistory that will probably be held in September.

CARDINALS MERMILLOD AND CANOSSA.

The news received in Rome of the health of his Eminence, Cardinal Mermillod, is much more reassuring. The complete rest that he has been ordered, has done him a great deal of good. He has addressed a letter to the Circolo, of the Immacolata, a Catholic club of which he is president, expressidg his sincere thanks for the expressions of sympathy received from Rome during his illness. Cardinal Canossa is also reported to have quite recovered again.

MGR. JACOBINI AT LISBON.

Detailed accounts have been received at the Propaganda College of the splendid way in which Mgr. Jacobini has been received at Lisbon. He arrived at the Portuguese frontier on the 2d inst, and was met at the station by the different authorities and by a company of infantry, who saluted as the train came into the station. He was also presented with an address of welcome. At the station of Troncamento, about four hours distant from Lisbon, he was received with military honors, and by Mgr. Tonti, uditore of the nunziatura, and by other persons who had come to meet him as far as that station for the purpose of welcoming him as new nunzio in the name of the king. At the Lisbon terminus he was received by the Marquis di Fayal, expressly nominated by his majesty as his special representative; by the ministers of grace and justice, by Monsieur Martens Ferrao, ambassador accredited to the vatican, and by several bishops and prelates. In a waiting room, richly decorated for his reception, the usual formal presentations took place. On the piazza outside the station were drawn up a company of infantry and a squadron of cavalry, and as Monsignor Jabobini appeared at the door of the reception room, the infantry band struck up the national anthem of Portugal. Two court carriages, drawn by six horses, each with postilion, coachmen and footmen in grand livery, were waiting for the new nunzio in the piazza. In the first carriage there took their places the uditore and the secretary of the nunzio, and in the second Mgr. Jacobini and the Marquis di Fayal. Five other carriages, containing other personages, followed. A squadron of cavalry accompanied the cortege. At the palace of the nunziature, Mgr. Jacobini received a deputation of the Portuguese episcopate, the different cabinet ministers, the diplomatic corps, and several members of the Portuguese aristocracy. As soon as Monsignor Jacobini has presented his credentials to the king of Portugal, he will go to Cintra, where he will spend the summer.

CARDINAL RAMPOLLA'S MOTHER.

The secretary of state, Cardinal Rampolla, had the misfortune of losing his mother, the Contessa Rampolla del Tindaro, on Monday last. She had only been ill for a short time, and her death was almost unexpected.

ST. PETER'S MEDALS.

On St. Peter's day, the cardinal secretary of state, together with Signor Bianchi, the engraver of coins at the vatican, had the honor of presenting to the Holy Father the yearly medals that are coined on the occasion of the Feast of St. Peter. These medals are 30 in number, 15 of them being of gold and the other 15 of silver. On one side of the medal is the bas relief profile of his Holiness, around it are the words, "Leo XIII., Pont., Max., An. XIV.," while on the opposite side is a figure representing Astronomy, holding in one hand a celestial globe and in the other a compass, and leaning against a column, on which is reproduced the medal coined on the occasion of the correction of the calendar. At the base of the column is the inscription, "Anno restituto, MDLXXXII.," on the other side is a little cupid in the act of writing the meteorological observations, and in the background is the vatican garden and the tower of Leo IV., on which stands the cupola enclosing the equatorial. Around this side of the medal are inscribed the words, "Rel. Astronom, Honor. in Vat., Instavratus et Auctus, et MDCCXCI."

THE PRINCE OF NAPLES.

The Prince of Naples, the heir to the Italian throne, will start in a day or two for a journey through the north of Europe. It is expected that he will be in London about the 22d of this month. He will stay, while there, at the Italian Embassy.

THE HEAT.

The weather in Rome, during the last week, has been exceptionally hot, the temperature in the day time standing at a maximum of between 89 and 90 degrees.

CONTINENTAL NEWS.

FUNERAL OF PERE FELIX

The Jesuit community of Lille gave back the remains of Pere Felix to his native village of Neuville sur l'Escaut, and it was there that the body of one of the greatest preachers of the age was lowered into the grave, amid the tears of an entire population. Mourning banners and drapery marked the way of the funeral procession from the village station to the church. The ceremonies were on a magnificent scale, and were taken part in by the municipal council. The funeral sermon was by Mgr. Baunard.

THE CHURCH OF THE SACRED HEART.

The collection made in all the churches of Paris, in accordance with the instructions of the Cardinal Archbishop Richard, on behalf of the Church of the Sacred Heart, at Montmartre, produced a total of 57,840 francs (about £2,314). This sum included some private donations. The largest amount, 1,895 francs, was collected at the Church of St. Thomas d'Aquin. Next came the Madeline, 1 692 francs, and then St. Clotilde, 1,250 francs. Apart from this collection, the archbishop received directly 30,000 francs, and the diocese of Marseilles sent 6,700 francs. Altogether, this appeal has resulted in furnishing £3,782 towards the completion of the edifice.

PILGRIMAGES.

In the middle ages it is probable that pilgrimages were always in season, but in the nineteenth century the case is not quite the same. The modern pilgrimage, when the sanctuary to be reached is a long way off, depends to a large extent upon railway facilities, for which in the middle ages there was no equivalent. Then the pilgrim journeyed on foot, and his bleeding feet often left traces upon the rocks which he had to climb in order to reach the holy places, where it so frequently happened that nature was most harsh and cruel. Railway companies have had a great deal to do with the truly remarkable revival of pilgrimages that has taken place of late years. Their motive has been purely and wholly commercial, but none the less have they contributed largely to the return of this old manifestation of Christian piety. They have fostered the desire to visit places with a reputation for peculiar sanctity, and they have rendered it possible and comparatively easy for thousands of people to gratify this desire, who, if the old manner of traveling had continued, would never have had the courage to entertain the bare thought of such an expedition. Thus we perceive that the scientific evolution and the commercial spirit, so characteristic of the age, while they appear to work against religion, also work in its favor. Christianity is a great assimilator. Nothing has so tended to give fresh life to the faith of French Catholics in these days as the revival of pilgrimages. All that is taking place in connection with this movement must be very puzzling to the unbelieving but philosophical mind that can look upon the phenomena of human life with judgment unprejudiced. There is something startling and mysterious in the contradiction which the movement presents to what is commonly understood to be the spirit of the age. It is not a "fashionable" movement, the invention of the wealthy and the idle, at a loss to discover new sensations; all classes have responded to it. In fact by far the greater number of these modern pilgrims belong to the peasant, or the lower middle classes.

LOURDES AND LA SALETTE.

At this season, which the French with reason call the beautiful one, the railway companies now think so much of the pilgrims that they vie with each other in offering facilities for visiting this or that sanctuary, which attracts the faithful over hill and dale and sunny plain. Lourdes is undoubtedly the one that draws the greater number of pilgrims. La Salette takes the second place; but there are pilgrimages to many venerated spots in France which are but little known, or not at all, to English people.

ROC-AMADOUR.

Of these the most interesting, undoubtedly, is Roc Amadour. This is a deep rocky gorge in the Department of the Lot—one of the most sublime bits of desolation in Southern France. The church like most of the village (it was once a fortified burgh) is built against the naked and escarped rock. The edifice has been much injured, architecturally, by modern restoration, but is still very venerable by its antiquity. In the same block of masonry, reached by a flight of 200 steps, is the Chapel of Notre Dame de Roc Amadour, which contains one of the oldest images of the Virgin and Child in existence. It is quite black like the one at Le Puy, but it has been made so by time, together with the smoke of innumerable candles which have burnt before it age after age. It is carved out of wood, like most of the Christian images that date from the dawn of the middle ages or earlier. According to the legend—supported by very ancient chronicles—St. Amadour (Amator, originally) founder of the sanctuary, was Zaccheus, who left Palestine with his wife, St. Veronica, and landed upon the coast of Gaul, near Bordeaux. After being associated in the mission work of St. Martial, Zaccheus became a hermit, closing for his solitude the savage gorge of the Alzon, near the Dordogne, where he became celebrated for his sanctity during his lifetime, and much more so after his death. Roc Amadour was a famous place of pilgrimage throughout the middle ages, and was specially venerated by the Bretons, notwithstanding the great distance that separated them from it. It still attracts a great many pilgrims throughout the summer, but in the month of September the village is so crowded that the accommodation is insufficient for the people, and those who cannot find lodging elsewhere are then allowed to sleep in the church.

THE CAPUCHINS IN FRANCE.

The Reverendissime Pere Bernard d'Andermatt, general of the Order of the Capuchins, has lately been visiting the different convents of the order in France. Changes have taken place in consequence. The Very Rev. Prosper de Martinge has been reelected provincial, and Pere Ludovic de Besse has been appointed *definiteur provincial* and guardian of the Capuchin Convent in Paris. Pere de Besse is deeply versed in the social question, and is, moreover, a zealous defender of the rights of the working man. The recent opening of the Capuchin Convent at Perpignan, contiguous to the College of St. Louis de Gonzague, has already been the subject of disagreeable interference on the part of the government authorities. Several of the Capuchin fathers have been cited to appear before the Juge d'Instruction of Perpignan. The convent was closed in 1882, in obedience to the government decree expelling the non-authorized religious orders.

OBITUARY.

MR. JOHN BLUETT.

Mr. John Bluett, a prominent Irishman, died at his home in Michigan City, Ind., on July 18, of heart disease. He had been ill but a few hours, and the news of his death was a great shock to his many friends. Mr. Bluett was born in Leixlip, Ireland, December 6, 1825. In 1849 he came to America, and in 1852 located in Michigan City, where he has continually resided since that time, and where, by his many excellent qualities, he has gained the esteem of all classes of people. In 1857 he was united in marriage to Miss Lida Selee, who survives him. No children were born to this union. He has but one family relative, W. L. Bluett, formerly of the firm of Wilde, Bluett & Co., of Chicago, but now a successful clothing merchant at Los Angeles, Cal., who is the only surviving one of a family of twelve children. Mr. Bluett was buried from St. Mary's church, Friday, July 24. The funeral services being conducted by Rev. Fathers Wooble and Bleckman, of Michigan City; Crowley, of LaPorte; Werdein, of La Fayette, and O'Sullivan, of South Chicago. The funeral was largely attended, and the respect in which the deceased was held was in many ways manifested.

MR. MAURICE DUNNE.

Among the recent deaths of Irish-Americans in this city was that of Mr. Maurice Dunne, son of the late Mr. David Dunne, at his residence, No. 2958 Wallace street, this city. Out of a large family of sons, born to Mr. and Mrs. Dunne only one survives. The rest were cut down in the flower of manhood by that terrible enemy of the human race, quick consumption. Mr. Dunne's funeral occurred from All Saints' church to Calvary Cemetery on Tuesday morning. Court No. 173, Catholic Order of Foresters, and a large body of friends and neighbors, attended the obsequies.

OFFICER WILLIAM CORCORAN.

Officer William Corcoran, of the Chicago police force, died at his residence in this city on the 29th ult. He was a native of Cork, Ireland, and was born in 1850. His father died when he was only six months old, and the boy came to America in 1868. He lived two years on his uncle's farm at Menisolia, and then came to Chicago, where he resided up to the time of his death. He became a member of the police department several years ago, and won great respect as a zealous and efficient officer. His wife and five sons survive to mourn an irreparable loss. The funeral occurred on the morning of August 1, and was largely attended. After requiem high mass at St. Elizabeth's church, whether the remains were escorted by St. Elizabeth Court, No. 22, Catholic Order of Foresters, Division No. 7, Ancient Order of Hibernians, and a squad of comrades of the force from the Twenty-second street police station, the cortege took its way to Mount Olivet cemetery, where all that was mortal of William Corcoran was laid to rest. The following acted as active and honorary pall bearers: Police officers, Twenty-second street station: M. S. Finnegan, Michael Fitzgerald, John O'Brien, Roger Mulcahy, Michael Purcell, William Styx. Ancient Order of Hibernians: Martin Mulcahy, Thomas Finegan, Patrick Finegan, Cornelius Houlahan, Owen Reilly, Timothy Coffee, John Deegan, M. J. Duffy. Catholic Order of Foresters: P. B. Flanagan, C. A. Reidy, T. M. Curtin, Nicholas Normoyle, John Sheridan, Owen Ruane, J. Powers and Bernard Short.

Summer Resorts Now Open.

Excursion tickets now on sale. The following list (with ticket rates for the round trip from Chicago) represents but a few of the choice spots of the Creation reached best by the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway and the Milwaukee & Northern Railway: Delavan, Wis., $3.75; Oconomowoc, Wis., $5.50; Waukesha, Wis., $5.00; Palmyra, Wis., $5.50; Madison, Wis., $6.50; Kilbourn (Wisconsin Dells) $8.85; Tomahawk Lake (Minocqua) $15.70; Elkhart Lake, Wis., $7.50; Marquette, Mich., $17.40; Mackinac, Mich., $21.25; St. Paul and Minneapolis, $20.00; Lake Minnetonka, $20.75; Duluth, $20.00; Yellowstone Park (Grand Tour), $130.00. Special reduced rates on Friday and Saturday of each week to various Wisconsin points. For further particulars apply to City Ticket Office, 207 Clark street, or address F. A. Miller, Assistant General Passenger Agent, Chicago, Ill.

GAEL AND GAUL:

—OR—

The Green and The Tricolor.

A TALE OF THE

FRENCH INVASION OF 1798.

(Founded on Fact.)

BY P. G. SMYTH,

Author of "The Wild Rose of Lough Gill," "King and Viking," "Under the White Cockade," and other highly successful stories.

CHAPTER V.—(Continued.)

BARRETT MEETS CROFTON.

The dull hours of durance passed heavily away. The luminous square made by the sunlight through his cell window moved slowly—very, very slowly—across the whitewashed wall. Occasionally from the barrack square came the tramp of marching feet, the voices of soldiers, and then he looked for the escort which was to conduct him before the court martial. Frequently he watched with feverish anxiety for any significant preparations at the dread triangle. As often did he strain his ears with prayerful longing for the rattle of musketry or any other token of French assault which might restore to him life and liberty, but he longed and listened in vain.

At length the door opened and his father entered the cell—his father looking, he thought, full twenty years older than when he had last beheld him. A mournful interview took place, which was terminated by the guard.

The next visitor, at about 5 o'clock, was Capt. Goodwin, whose usually gay and blithesome mien had given way to one of gravity and annoyance.

"Damnably unfortunate business this," he said. "On my soul, Barrett, I am heart sick and sorry on your account. Of all the insane acts I ever heard of—why, man, what fiend tempted you to involve yourself in—well, well, we needen't talk of that now," continued the worthy officer disjointedly, and evidently much affected; "I can only say I most sincerely regret your position. I have done my utmost in your behalf, but I fear very much——"

"Thank you, my dear friend, for your kind exertions. I can read my doom in your face. Mr. Crofton, by the way, has already given me an inkling of it."

"The contemptible whelp! I mean to call him to a sharp account."

"Not for his conduct towards me, Captain—I must not leave you a legacy of revenge. But what have we here—a reinforcement."

Barrett's heart sank. A large party of soldiers had marched into the square—carbineers and yeomen, their uniforms covered with dust, apparently from a long march.

"Ay, reinforcements from Ballinrobe—whence they started at 10 o'clock this morning—and also from Castlebar. We were only waiting for them in order to drive the French back to Killala, where we will probably be able to keep them in coop till our main forces come up and compel them to surrender. The game is up so far as Humbert is concerned."

The prisoner with difficulty suppressed a groan. A trumpet now sounding the "assembly," Capt. Goodwin with repeated expressions of honest regret took his departure, and soon afterwards Barrett saw the skirmishing force march forth upon its mission.

The Carbineers, under Major Kerr, led the van, the evening sunshine glittering on their polished helmets and sabres—a stalwart body of men, splendidly mounted; next came the scarlet coated Tyrawly Cavalry, and the gazer from the cell window recognized the faces of Rector Fortescue and the Baron O'Dowda, Pierce Crofton and Billy Moran, and also Rutledge, the Killala port surveyor, and a son of Dr. Stock—the same pair who had gone aboard the French frigates on their arrival, but who had subsequently got ashore, and away out of Killala; then the fencibles, and the Ballina and Ardnaree yeomanry, under Capt. Jones—a corps strongly suspected of "disaffection," the rear was brought up by some carts belonging to Ballina House, laden with ammunition and provisions. The whole was under the command of Sir Thomas Chapman. When our prisoner had seen the tail of the column pass out of the barrack square and heard the carts rumbling away into the distance, he breathed a sigh of relief, believing that it meant a postponement of his court martial, and temporary reprieve from death.

But even this belief was, as he thought, given the lie to, when, two hours afterwards, a corporal's guard appeared at his cell door, and he was ordered forth.

"Now for the ordeal!" was his mental exclamation, and he braced his nerves, and summoned all his firmness in preparation for the worst.

With a firm step he accompanied his guards across the quadrangle, fully expecting that a halt would be made at the gaunt machine of torture in the centre.

Suddenly a Carbineer galloped in at the barrack gate, and hurriedly threw himself off his foaming and steaming horse.

"Holloa there, friend" cried the corporal in command of the escort, "what news, pray, from the front?"

"The devil's own news," replied the trooper; "the enemy have drawn first blood. A picket of theirs ambushed for us under the arch of a bridge at Rossers, and fired when we drew near; two of my comrades are shot, and so is the parson—Fortescue, I believe, you call him—and the rest are expecting to be attacked and hunted at any minute. Cursed bad luck, corporal. I have a dispatch for the officer here."

The yeomen scowled and glared on their prisoner as if they longed to immolate him in revenge for what had happened. Some of them actually lowered their bayonets.

"No, no, men," said the corporal, "not that. Bring the croppy along to the Bastile. The morning shall settle his business."

Barrett was hurried along and thrust with violence into a small, dark dungeon beneath a building adjoining the barracks, a place known as "the Bastile" (which is still in existence at the rear of the Moy Hotel), where he passed a miserable night.

About midnight he heard a confused noise of voices and trampling, and soon afterwards gleaned from the conversation of the sentries that the British reconnoitring force had been attacked and their pickets driven in, and that Jones' yeomanry had stampeded on Ballina, their captain, who hailed from Portland, at Enniskey, ingloriously showing the way. Later on he heard the sound of distant firing, and at three in the morning came the tramp of horses, as the Carbineers returned in full retreat into town.

Ere it was yet daylight he was brought forth. He saw, as he was hurried along, an excited group of yeomen, prominent among whom was Billy Moran, who was hastily putting a noose on a rope. Struggling in the midst of the crew was a fine young man named Gill Walsh, of Crossmolina, a "rebel suspect." A chorus of angry voices rose on the morning air.

"He has been recruiting for the French, the traitor!"

"A French commission in his pocket!"

"Quick with the rope, sergeant! Up with the rebel dog!"

"Ha, there goes another of them," cried Moran as he caught sight of Barrett. "Quick with him to drumhead court martial on the hill; we'll soon be ready for the second job!"

A piercing cry now smote on the ears of Barrett, causing him to look round, and he saw at the barrack gate his sister, Fanny, fainting in the arms of a yeoman. From the windows of her father's house, almost directly opposite, the girl had caught sight of her brother, and at once rushed across to greet him; but was refused admission at the gate, upon which she shrieked and became insensible.

"For heaven's sake corporal, if you have a heart!"—pleaded the prisoner, half maddened by the piteous spectacle.

"They're coming! they're coming!" rang out a chorus of voices.

"Shove him alone!" said the non commissioned officer harshly; "the girl will be all right directly."

The yeomen forced Barrett onward, conducting him to a large earthen bastion of a fortification which defended the barrack (a large mound still known as Barrack hill). This situation, which afforded a commanding view, was occupied by Sir Thomas Chapman and some officers, all so anxiously on the alert that they took no notice of the prisoner and his escort.

From the bastion ran a zigzag wall, commanding the entrance to the town from the Killala side and behind this wall some companies of yeomen and fencibles were ranged, their firelocks resting on the parapet. In the adjacent street the Carbineers were drawn up, ready to charge.

In the distance sounded the tread of horses' hoofs; a body of French cavalry was coming onward through Bonnafassup; the two foremost dragoons and a *vivandiere* galloped into sight.

Suddenly, as though the whole French army had appeared in front in formidable battle array, a thunderous volley rattled along the parapet, as the yeomen with one panic-born impulse discharged their pieces at random, which done they turned and fled in the most ludicrous terror and confusion! One of the approaching dragoons fell, struck in the knee with a bullet fired by a Ballina yeoman, a butcher named Pat Connor, but his companions dashed onward with gleaming sabres; and Barrett speedily recognized, leading the way, the green coat and tall fur cap of the bold cavalier who had drawn "first blood" at Killala, the redoubtable Duffy of Backs.

The panic at once conveyed itself to the Carbineers, who precipitately fled, taking the Foxford road, and awaking the echoes of Piper Hill with the thunder of their retreating hoofs. The *vivandiere*—a robust, handsome woman, with an abundance of raven hair floating from beneath her brass helmet—galloped after them for a short space, uttered a derisive cheer, and fired a pistol after their fast fleeing forms.

Forgetting his own perilous position in amusement and exultation at this singular stampede, Patrick Barrett was recalled to himself by the report of a pistol near at hand, a bullet whistling past his ear. Instantly turning he saw Pierce Crofton holding in his hand a smoking pistol, which he now hurled at him with an oath of baffled rage, then turned and joined the demoralized horde of redcoats flying down the lawn to escape by the bridge across the Moy.

The earthen bastion, the defending wall, even the barracks, were now totally deserted, save for the late prisoner, who, with a thrilling sense of deliverance and a whoop of joy, bounded over the wall and hastened to greet the captors of the town—for captured it now was.

In Knox street, on one side of which the French advance guard, under Sarazin and Fontaine, had stacked arms, he witnessed a remarkable scene. The lifeless body of Gill Walsh, hanged by the runaways from Rossers, had been cut down from the market crane, and now each of the French officers bestowed upon it the fraternal embrace, kissing the cold, dead cheeks with deep expression of regret. The body lay for some time in the street, viewed by pitying and indignant insurgents, after which it was conveyed to the small chapel of Ardnaree, and treated with much honor as the remains of a martyr to the National cause.

Gazing on the rigid features, on the purple mark of the rope, Barret shuddered, and murmured a prayer of gratitude as he remembered how narrowly he had escaped a similar fate.

Some firing was now heard in Garden street, at a place called the Laundry. Overcome by excitement, a pensioner named St. George, who had fought in the American war, rushed out of a house where he had concealed himself on the flight of the yeomen, and fired on a French picket. The fire was returned, and the veteran fell dead; a second corpse lay on the streets of Ballina that memorable morning of the French entry.

It was with feelings of indescribable emotion that Patrick Barrett re entered his father's house, received the fond, incoherent greetings of his relatives, and saw a world of joy and thanksgiving sparkling in the dark eyes of Maeve O'Donnell.

CHAPTER VI.

RETURN TO KILLALA.

Leaving in Ballina a guard under Capt. Truc, the French returned to Killala. At the head of the detachment, which consisted of about a hundred infantry and forty cavalry—the latter mounted on horses requisitioned in the country—rode Gen. Humbert, in a curricle or gig belonging to the Rev. Mr. Fortescue. By the General's side sat a stout, sleepy looking individual, whose appearance caused some amusement, a yeoman officer from Newport, who had been captured in bed, soonously snoring away, all heedless of war and war's alarms and of the fact that his comrades had abandoned the town to the enemy.

"A good omen that," gaily remarked, in an Ulster accent, a young officer who rode alongside Barrett and Adjutant General Fontaine, "let us hope that we shall also catch this gentleman's superiors comfortably napping at Castlebar."

The speaker was Humbert's Irish aide de camp, Bartholomew Teeling, or, as his *nom de guerre* went, Etat major Biron. The son of an ardent Ulster patriot who had suffered persecution and imprisonment for his principles (namely, Luke Teeling, a Lisburn merchant, who represented Antrim at the Catholic convention in Dublin), he had been a political refugee in France, where, under Hoche, he had studied military science, and also acquired that general's friendship. At the sailing of Humbert's expedition he had eagerly embraced the opportunity of returning to Ireland.

A refined scholar, combining a brave and indomitable spirit with gentle unassuming manner, young Teeling was the very Bayard of the expedition. Among those who, on introduction, had conceived an instant warm liking for him was Patrick Barrett.

"I fear the enemy's slumber is pretty well broken," said the latter in response the remark; "trust me, Etat major, the wessel is wide awake by this time."

"Possibly so; but there is good ground for doubting it. Why, our progress to the present has been a series of happy surprises. Surely John Bull's fleet must have been taking a very sound nap when our small squadron eluded them so easily—two poor frigates of forty four eighteen pounders, one of thirty-eight twelve pounders—what a little mouthful for the English marine monster, yet how luckily the gallant Franchise, Le Concorde, and the other ran the enemy's gauntlet! Let Fortune but smile as kindly on the expedition of Kilmaine and Hardi, and Ireland is independent."

And so they rode along, blithely discussing the prospect of success in the bright and hopeful language of youth's "rosy lexicon," their vivacious thoughts and ideas beaming as the sunlight which fell through the green foliage of Glen na Pauca (that now avenued the road, where it led through Belleek demesne), glittering on the bayonets of the marching column and glowing on many a bronzed martial visage.

At one part of the road a cart was drawn aside to allow the passage of the column. Barrett, on approaching the vehicle, was shocked at recognizing a somewhat familiar face, though pallid and distorted with suffering. There, on a little straw, lay the Rev. George Fortescue, who had been wounded in the late skirmish, and who was being conveyed to Ballina in one of the carts which had carried the British commissariat. A French bullet had pierced the unfortunate clergyman in the groin, and he seemed in excruciating pain. Teeling and Barrett and also some of the French officers lingered for awhile, and used various exertions to relieve the sufferer, but apparently without much effect, and their faces wore a look of compassion as the cart resumed its jolting journey to Ballina.

"Mais que voulez vous, mes camarades," remarked one of the Frenchmen, "the gentleman has but experienced the fortunes of war, which he courted. For me, I am but a poor Christian—a simple child of the Revolution—but I doubt if a religious minister should patronize the battle; and I hear yonder clergyman accompanied those red clad cowards as a volunteer. Peste! he should have minded his own business and not interfered in ours, poor devil!"

"Ha, Ponson, in that case you would have us cashier Citizen O'Keane here," said Teeling, who immediately looked as if he would have recalled his words. The person intimated laughed good naturedly at his embarrassment.

"Well said, Etat-major. Nevertheless my case is different to that of the rector; my adoption of arms arises from necessity, not choice; however, I may have grown to like the profession."

He was a stout, well built captain of grenadiers, with a ruddy, jolly face, and shaggy black eyebrows that ran into one another. Capt. Henry O'Keane was a native of the district—Knockadine, near Crossmolina, being his natal place. He had studied for the priesthood at Nantes, and was even said to have received minor orders, when the outbreak of the Revolution drove him for subsistence to enlist in the French line, where he had speedily risen to his present rank. As a fluent speaker of English, French, and Irish he was of great service to Humbert, and was besides a general favorite.

"Citizen Ponson," he continued, with assumed grave remonstrance, "you will not surely condemn one who has been compelled by 'liberty, equality, and fraternity,' to exchange the cassock for the blue coat, the beretta for the bearskin?"

"Parbleu, no!" cried Ponson, a lively, talkative Navarrese—the conversation was carried on in French; "on second thought I withdraw any expression that might deprive us of volunteers—and I learn there are clerical partisans on both sides. Some of the Catholic clergy have already come over to us; and, sacre! those religious can fight sometimes, as I once nearly found to my cost in Italy, when we tried to capture a monastery, and the monks resisted and peppered us like fury. Actual lions in sheepskin, comrades! And some of your Irish priests are the same; why, but yesterday I heard how one of them captured the house yonder"—he pointed to the Island of Bertra, in the Moy, which now appeared in sight—"clapped a pistol to the head of its defender, a zealous loyalist named Knox, and brought him prisoner of war to our camp in Killala. I forget the name of the hero of the exploit."

"Father Tom Munnelly, the curate of Backs," said Barrett; "but I doubt the entire truth of the story, our clergy in general being of a rather unwarlike mould."

"Aye, and a non revolutionary one to boot," put in O'Keane; "some of the senior priests are actually preaching a crusade against us; the pastors of Ardagh and Rathreagh have warned their flocks against joining us, and are doing the work of the British government with a vengeance."

"So I have learned," said Ponson. "Pardieu! I would know how to manage Monsieurs Conway and Grady."

"Every religion has its clashing politics," observed Teeling, sententiously. "Wherefore bother, then? What we've got to do is push on the cause to victory, let priests and parsons join us or oppose us as they will. The soldier's creed is a plain one—and there, by the by, are some of its latest neophytes."

He laughed with mingled amusement and satisfaction as, on nearing Killala, they passed several remarkable groups, men in French military garb, stalwart fellows of fine physique, but whose awkward bearing and apparent native bashfulness at their new and strange costume betrayed the rustic in disguise.

"All hail, first national guard of Ireland!" cried the jovial O'Keane in Irish. The insurgents replied with a laugh and a cheer.

[CONTINUED NEXT WEEK.]

GAELIC POETRY.

Laoidh Mhaghnuis Mhoir.

[AIR LEANAMHAIN.]

Ag cromadh a chion 'san g-cath,
Do rinne gach flaith mar do gheall;
Fiann Eireann na g-comhlann g-cruaidh
Brisid air shluagh Iunse Gall.

Tharla Mac Cumhail na g-cuach
Lé righ Lochlann na ruag n-áigh
Ré chéile air d-tuitim sluagh,
Och! a chléirigh, truagh an dáil.

Do rinneadar imthreas teann
Go madh dealra re dhá órd
Comhrac fuilteach an dá righ,
Fa gontach a m-brigh 's a g-coig.

Ceangladh righ Lochlann san d-tréas
Re Mac Cumhail na g-cleas m-borb.
Eision, acht ger mhor an gníomh
Do cheangail Fionn ré n-a choig.

An sin ráidheas Conán maoil,
Gíolla do bhí riamh ré h-oic
"Cuingbhidh dham Maghnus na lann,
Sgarfad a cheann ré n-a chorp."

"Ni bh-fuil páirt dhamh-se, na gaol
Riot, a Chonáin mhaoil gan chéill,
O tháris mé fo ghrásaibh Fiinn,
Is feárr liom ann 'na fá'd mhéinn."

"O tháris is fám' ghrásaibh féin
'S nach deárna mé sár air fhiaith,
Fuaisgeolad thusa ó'n bh-Féinn,
A lámh thréan na mór g-cath.

"Gabh do rogha a Mhaghnuis mhín
Mar rachair slán ad' thír féin,
Cumann, caoineas, agus grádh
No do shláu a bheith fá'n bh-Féinn

"Freitim-se sin duit go bráth,
An géin mhairfeas dáil am' chorp
Gan buille thabhairt ad' aghaidh,
Aithreach liom a ndeárnus ort."

An cabhlach thainig a d-tuaidh
No sluagh le g-curthi gach gleo,
Chugainn acht ger' mhór a stairm
Ba lia a mairbh 'na dá m-beo.

Ag sin duitse turus Fhinn
A chléirigh chaoin na m-beann m-bl
Ná gair na g-ceolan 'sa g-ceil,
Och! ba bhinne liom an lá.

Ag sin duit agála go bh-fíor,
A chléirigh chaoimh; ar m-borb d-treas,
Do mhac righ Lochlann na slógh,
Is dó-san h-ainmneadh an treas.

Dair do láimh-se a chléirigh cháidh,
Dá m-beitheá-sa air thráigh ó dheas
Ag Eas Leoghaire sreabh-shéimh,
Air an bh-Féinn ba mhor do mheas.

Ge taoimse meara gan tiacht
Ag sin daoibh go beacht mo agél,
Am' shuidhe gan chraoisigh gan cholg,
Ag éisdeacht ré dord bhar g-cléar.

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[*New York Critic.*]

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A TRUTHFUL AND SPIRITED STORY.

[*New York Nation, July 31.*]

If this stirring narrative is read as it deserves, the people will learn of hardships and peril encountered by their military forces that not one in a hundred thousand ever dreams of. The historian accompanied Crook on his Big Horn expedition, and, as there is no rear in an Indian fight, was in the thick of it on the Rosebud when Crook and the Sioux mutually recoiled. Mr. Finerty writes clearly, and evidently has an ancestral love of fighting from the facility with which he takes his place in the ranks. But he never boasts.

NO MILITARY WRITER EXCEEDS HIM FOR PICTORIAL DESCRIPTIVENESS.

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REVIEWED BY THE SAXONS.

London Saturday Review (Tory) July 12.]

The best adventure in the book is "The Sibley Scout," the experiences of a small reconnoitring party sent out to discover Indians who, in large force, discovered them. Mr. Finerty with a hundred rounds of ammunition had occasion to expend much of it. The story, with its sudden turns, is excellently narrated.

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A FASCINATING STORY.

[*Chicago Herald.*]

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AN EX-CONFEDERATE'S OPINION.

[*Col. John George Ryan in The Press-Eagle, Pine Bluff, Ark.*]

Reader, send at once for a copy of John F. Finerty's recent book entitled "Warpath and Bivouac; or, the Conquest of the Sioux." It is a splendid contribution to the historical literature of the day, and should be within the walls of every household. The book reads more like a vivid romance than a concise narrative of adventures among, and battles with, hostile Indians. Mr. Finerty's book will read like an enchanting novel in the hands of a girl, while to the man who was often hid by the smoke of battle in 1861-5, or at other times, the work will be of absorbing interest.

NO NEW CHAPTER CAN BE ADDED.

[*Bismarck Tribune.*]

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DIRECT, VIVID AND VIGOROUS.

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IT WAS A TERRIBLE CAMPAIGN.

[*New York Herald.*]

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[*John Boyle O'Reilly, in Boston Pilot.*]

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MRS. GEN. JOHN A LOGAN'S CRITICISM.

[*The Home Magazine.*]

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The unmarked graves, butchered bodies, and bleaching bones of the fallen on the plains, and in the mountains of the Far West, should not appeal to us in vain. Mr. Finerty has placed the facts before the public as they have never been placed before, and he deserves for his noble work the thanks of the whole country, and a rich harvest from the sale of his book.

TRUTHFUL AND PICTURESQUE.

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Consumption Surely Cured.

To the Editor: Please inform your readers that I have a positive remedy for consumption. By its timely use thousands of hopeless cases have been permanently cured. I shall be glad to send two bottles of my remedy FREE to any of your readers who have consumption if they will send me their Express and P. O. Address. Respectfully, T. A. SLOCUM, M. C., 181 Pearl street New York.

Improve the nutritive functions of the scalp by using Hall's Vegetable Sicilian Hair Renewer, and thus keep the hair from falling and becoming gray.

ASSEMBLING HOSTS.

Thousands of Grand Army Men Arrive at Detroit.

SILVER ENCAMPMENT OF THE ORDER

The City of the Straits Does Herself Proud in Preparing for the Reception of the Veterans—Accommodations for All Comers—Triumphal Arches of "Peace" and "War"—Trouble Expected from Southern Delegations Over the Negro Question.

DETROIT, Mich., Aug. 3.—The City of the Straits Monday gave a greeting to the "Boys in Blue" who assembled for the double purpose of participating in the annual encampment and celebrating the "Silver anniversary" or quarter centennial of the organization of the Grand Army of the Republic. The metropolis of the Wolverine state left nothing undone to make the present encampment memorable in the history of the order. In the matter of accommodations especially

GEN. W. G. VEAZEY.

Detroit outdone itself and there need be no fears that any visitors will be compelled to content themselves with the greensward of the parks and fields or the doorways of the big buildings to find rest for their weary bones after the shades of night have fallen.

The City Beautifully Decorated.

Detroit presents a beautiful appearance under the summer sun. Never before in her history has she been decked in such gorgeous attire. There is is hardly a residence or business house, store or official building upon which the national colors are not displayed. Many of them are literally enveloped in bunting, while strips of canvas bearing sentences of greetings are to be encountered a dozen times in a single block. Across the principal streets are magnificent triumphal arches. The most imposing one, over Fort street, at Griswold, is intended to represent Peace in sympathy with the prevailing sentiment of the week. It is built to represent marble. Heavy pillars enclosing on three sides of the street a balustrade, support the superstructure or arch proper, which is built light and open and contains a magnificent display of tropical fruits and flowers, the contribution of the Florida delegation.

Ready for Emergencies.

Across Woodward avenue is an arch representing War, decorated with guns, cannons, battleflags and all the habiliments of war. There are numerous smaller but beautiful arches at other points.

Delegations from near by points began to pour in Monday morning, but the great rush did not commence until Monday night. Elaborate police arrangements have been made and everything looked after to guard against crooks. A hospital corps has been organized with a complete system of medical and surgical assistance. Three temporary hospitals have been erected and seven ambulances will be in constant readiness.

Commander Veasey Arrives.

General W. G. Veasey, national department commander of the Grand Army of the Republic, arrived in Detroit from Vermont shortly before 9 o'clock Monday morning. He was accompanied by his wife and Miss Clara Barton, the famous founder of the Red Cross. Secretary of War Proctor was also of the party, with Quartermaster General John Taylor of Philadelphia, and Assistant Adjutant Emery of Washington. Governor Carroll H. Page of Vermont and his staff arrived Monday morning. The governor is accompanied by his son, T. H. Page. It was 8:40 when the much heralded Washington delegation pulled into the Third street depot. The train was gaily decorated in national colors, the first coach containing the citizens' committee, bearing the silver invitation. With the Washington delegation came a distinguished looking body of women, and besides being distinguished looking, nearly all of them have attained distinction in one way or another.

DRAWING THE COLOR LINE.

Louisiana and Mississippi G. A. R. Men on the Warpath.

CHICAGO, Aug. 3.—Among the delegations to the Grand Army of the Republic national encampment at Detroit which arrived in the city Sunday was that of the department of Louisiana and Mississippi. The southerners came in over the Illinois Central at noon, and after spending a few hours here departed at 10:30 p. m. on the Wabash. The delegates of this department will demand of the national encampment separation from the negro and if denied they assert they are prepared to pull out of the organization. They have declared war and are going to Detroit in war paint and feathers for a finish fight.

Expect a Lively Fight.

"If the national encampment complies with our demand," said a delegate from New Orleans Sunday evening, "the white veterans of the department of Louisiana and Mississippi will continue to be a part of the Grand Army of the Republic. If our just demand is refused they can muster us out. We are going to bring the question to a final issue, and whether we stay depends upon the result."

The southern gentlemen anticipate a lively fight. They realize that their demand will meet with bitter opposition from many of the northern delegates and have prepared to fight the issue to a finish.

Disastrous Floods in Mississippi.

NEW ORLEANS, Aug. 3.—A dispatch from Grenada, Miss., says that reports are coming in from points along the Yallabush river to the effect that whole farms have been inundated, some of them having been under water for sixty hours. Entire fields of corn and cotton were washed down and covered with mud. The river is now falling.

THE KENTUCKY ELECTION.

The New Constitution Carried by a Heavy Majority.

LOUISVILLE, Aug. 4.—Kentucky has elected a full state ticket, adopted a constitution and chosen a legislature. The Democrats elected their candidates by majorities ranging from 20,000 to 50,000. The new constitution has carried with a sweep and the majority for it is placed at anything from 50,000 to 100,000. The People's party has polled about 20,000 votes. These have come mostly from the Republican party and from the cities. The Alliance has devoted itself to the legislature and probably has practical control of that body and so will control the revision of the laws under the new constitution.

A Farmer for Speaker.

Pettit, one of the Farmer members elected, is a candidate for speaker of the house of representatives and may get it. Of the 223 candidates for the legislature 124 were Farmers. In twenty-three legislative districts all the candidates were Farmers. In thirty-one other districts the nominees of the dominant party were Farmers. So that there is almost an absolute certainty that fifty-four Farmers, more than half the whole number of members, have been elected to the house. On joint session the legislature will stand about as follows: Farmers and Farmer-Democrats, 73; straight Democrats, 50; Republicans, 15.

POISON IN THE LIQUOR.

A Friendly Drink on a Passenger Train Results in Death.

NORWOOD, Mass., Aug. 4.—Edward Hayes is dead and J. B. Brown is in a critical condition from the effects of poisoned liquor given them on a railway train Monday. They were returning home from Boston and joined two strangers in a game of whist in the smoking car. During the play one of the strangers produced a pint bottle and passed it around. Hayes and Brown drank, but the strangers did not. When Brown left the train at the Norwood Central station he fell beside the track insensible.

Found Dead in a Field.

He was taken home and at a late hour Monday night his recovery was doubtful. Hayes went to Winslow station, two miles farther, and got off the train with much difficulty, half stupified and evidently in great pain. He walked to a field near by and lay down on his face where a friend tried to rouse him a few minutes later, but found him dead. The motive for the poisoning is a mystery.

Brumfield Family Not Murdered.

CHARLESTON, W. Va., Aug. 4.—The sensational dispatches sent out from Catlettsburg about the murder of the Brumfield family in Wayne county, by drunken Italians are without foundation, the facts existing only in the imaginative brain of the correspondent. A special to The Gazette from a gentleman in Huntington whose veracity is beyond question reports that the mail carrier from Wayne Court House to Huntington, who passed Brumfield's house Monday morning, says the entire story is a falsehood. Other parties from the same loca ity also say that there is no truth in it. The people of this end of the state are indignant that such absolute falsehoods have been given so much publicity.

Longstreet and Tenny.

NEW YORK, Aug. 4.—Mr. Michael F. Dwyer, owner of Longstreet, says that if Mr. Pulsifer, owner of Tenny, insists on satisfaction that he will make a match for $10,000, same weights and distances as on Saturday last. Mr. Dwyer also offered to match Kingston against Tenny for any amount at a mile and an eighth, the race to be run at Jerome park, either this week or next. He says he is anxious to wipe out Kingston's defeat by Tenny in the Ocean stakes, and he believes Kingston will do it if the match is made.

Foot Ball Team Off for Europe.

FALL RIVER, Mass., Aug. 4.—Next Thursday four foot ball players from this city, four from Pawtucket and six from Canada will sail on the steamship Nevada for Great Britain and Ireland, to be gone about five months. They will participate in exhibition games to be played in all the principal cities of the kingdom and also in a series of international games to determine the relative merits of Englishmen and Americans as foot ballists.

Bishop of Milwaukee.

MILWAUKEE, Aug. 4.—The election of Rev. Dr. Nicholson of Philadelphia as bishop of the Episcopal diocese of Milwaukee has been approved by a majority of the standing committees of the country, and it only remains for the bishops to vote upon him. Until the bishops get through voting the date of his consecration may not be definitely settled. It is probable, however, that the ceremony will be held in Philadelphia on Oct. 28.

Proposes to Indict Them All.

NEW YORK, Aug. 4.—The grand jury yesterday deferred action on the matter of indicting the newspapers that published accounts of the quadruple catelectrism at Sing Sing. Assistant District Attorney Lindsay declared that he had not all the indictments drawn up yet. Today however, charges will be laid against The Tribune, Morning Journal, World, Sun, Press, Times and Recorder.

Strike of Pavers at New York.

NEW YORK, Aug. 4.—A general strike of pavers has been ordered, and Monday morning all the men employed on the construction of the Broadway cable road quit work. The cause is said to be the employment of non union men. The effect of the strike on the contractors is likely to be serious, while on the torn up portions of the street business is seriously retarded.

Russian Hebrew Immigrants Released.

WASHINGTON, Aug. 4.—Superintendent Owen Monday directed that thirteen Russian Hebrews who arrived at Baltimore Sunday, and were detained as "assisted immigrants," be released from custody, bonds having been furnished that they would not become public charges.

A Farmer and His Wife Murdered.

ARKANSAS CITY, Kan., Aug. 4.—Jackson Donnelly, a rich farmer living five miles east of here, and his wife were murdered in their house at noon Monday. The supposed motive for the murder was to secure money which the robbers expected to find in the house.

Got Away with 1,500 Tickets.

NEW HAVEN, Aug. 4.—The station of the New York and New Haven railroad at North Haven was broken into Sunday night, the safe blown open and robbed of $100 and 1,500 tickets.

THE FOREIGN BUDGET.

News Notes of Interest from Across the Sea.

THE LABOR TROUBLES AT LONDON.

Three Thousand Five Hundred Men of the Building Trades Out on Strike—Wagon Drivers Also Have Grievances—Lord Salisbury's Suit Against Editor William O'Brien—Illness of the Queen of the Belgians.

LONDON, Aug. 4.—Monday the strike of the London building trades entered upon the fourteenth week. Three thousand five hundred men, all members of unions, are out on strike. The men declare that their treasury is amply provided with funds to carry on the struggle, and £1,200 of strike money was paid on Saturday. It is claimed by the unions that they can outlast the employers. These, however, are determined not to yield to terms that they regard as disastrous to their business. Industrial discontent is spreading in the metropolis.

Another Strike Looming Up.

Of the 30,000 drivers of wagons in London 6,000 have joined a union with the avowed object of striking when winter comes for the improvement of their condition. The drivers say that 20,000 of their number average ninety hours a week for wages of from 18 to 28 shillings a week. This they regard as beneath the ordinary treatment of common laborers, and the public sympathy is with them in their purposes to improve their situation.

SALISBURY VS. O'BRIEN.

The Editor Granted Three Days' Time by the Court.

DUBLIN, Aug. 4.—The bankrupt court Tuesday granted Mr. William O'Brien another delay of three days in which to show cause why he should not be declared a bankrupt because of his failure to pay the amount of costs ($8,500) awarded against him in July 1889 in a suit for libel in which Lord Salisbury was the defendant. A debtor summons to recover the amount was served upon O'Brien by Lord Salisbury while the former was imprisoned in Galway jail. On July 31, the day following his release, O'Brien again, at the instance of Lord Salisbury, was adjudicated a bankrupt.

Salisbury Reproached.

O'Brien then published a letter in which, referring to his having been adjudicated a bankrupt, he reproached Lord Salisbury for "taking advantage of a legal technicality" to drive him out of public life and prevent his appealing to the house of lords. O'Brien concluded by offering to submit the matter to the arbitration of any three members of the house of commons whom Lord Salisbury himself might select.

The Queen of the Belgians Ill.

LONDON, Aug. 4.—The queen of the Belgians has been taken suddenly ill. She is dying, and has received the last rites of the Roman Catholic church.

BRUSSELS, Aug. 4.—The alarm caused by the sudden illness of the Queen of the Belgians is abating. A bulletin issued at 8 a. m. announces that there is but very little doubt that her majesty will soon recover. Her prostration was due to nervous shocks caused by the spectacle presented by the unhappy ex-Empress Charlotte, who, when visited by the queen Monday, was suffering from one of those periodical attacks of violent insanity to which she has been subject ever since the tragic death of her husband, Emperor Maximilian of Mexico.

The Kaiser at Bergen.

BERLIN, Aug. 4.—The imperial yacht Hohenzollern with the German emperor on board has arrived at Bergen, Norway, on her way to Germany from North Cape and other points in Norway and Sweden. The fort at Bergen ran up the German standard and fired an imperial salute. His majesty was also saluted by the German corvette Stochh which was lying in the harbor.

Riot at an Election.

ROME, Aug. 4.—Serious rioting occurred at Cartfe, province of Avellino, where a municipal election was being held. A mob looted and set fire to the town hall, a portion of which was destroyed, together with the archives. One person was killed and many others were seriously injured.

Murdered for Her Money.

NEW YORK, Aug. 4.—The body of the girl who was found murdered at Glendale, L. I., was identified Monday night by Charles R. Weber of New York as that of his niece, Matilda Haner, 22 years of age, of North Haven, Conn., who left that place Saturday morning in company with a man named John Habe. The girl, who was infatuated with Habe, inherited several thousand dollars from her mother and had still $5,000 to her credit in the First National bank of this city. When she left North Haven she had $725 on her person, and Weber believes she was murdered for the money. The New York and Brooklyn police are looking for Habe.

Suicide of a Physician.

METROPOLIS, Ills., Aug. 4.—Dr. Edward P Spaulding, a prominent physician of this city, lies dying at his residence from the effects of a pistol wound in the head, fired by himself. Mrs. Spaulding was out riding at the time and the doctor was alone in the house. On her return she found her husband lying in a pool of blood and in a dying condition. A revolver lay by his side. He had stood before a mirror, placed the pistol to his head and discharged it. Financial embarrassment, together with the effects of morphine, are supposed to have unbalanced his mind.

Birthday Celebration.

NEW YORK, Aug. 4.—The Hon. Hamilton Fish, one of the three surviving secretaries of state of the United States and one of the four surviving governors of the state of New York and one of the five surviving United States senators from his state, celebrated the 83d anniversary of his birth at Glencliffe, near Garrisons, Monday. Mr. Fish is enjoying particularly good health, his memory is clear, his appetite is good, and he has not lost his zest in matters of public interest.

The Wood Was "Loaded."

OSHKOSH, Wis., Aug. 4.—A "loaded" stick of wood which had been placed in the stove in the home of Mrs. Marshall exploded, completely demolishing the stove. Mrs. Marshall was severely burned and bruised and her eyes burned. It is not known who placed the powder in the fuel.

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DIED ON THE GALLOWS.

Legal Executions at Helena, Ark., and Houston, Tex.

HELENA, Aug. 1.—Isham White was executed in the jailyard here at 12:30 p. m. Friday. The condemned man made a short speech on the gallows in which he said he believed he would shortly be in heaven. White's neck was broken by the drop and he was pronounced dead in ten minutes. The crime for which White was executed was the murder of Prince Malloy, a negro in good circumstances. Malloy was murdered for the money he was known to keep in his house. The murder occurred on the night of Jan. 2, this year.

Murderer Caldwell Hanged.

HOUSTON, Tex., Aug. 1.—William Caldwell was executed at 11:30 Friday morning in the county jail. He died without making a statement, but expressed the belief that he was going to heaven. He walked upon the scaffold without assistance and in eight minutes after the trap fell he was pronounced dead. His neck was broken. Caldwell, who is colored, killed Dr. Shamblen on the night of July 31, 1888. The murder was the outgrowth of a political feud.

CONFLICTING REPORTS.

No Telling Whether Secresary Noble Has Resigned or Not.

NEW YORK, Aug. 3.—Collector Fassett, who has just returned from a visit to President Harrison at Cape May point, says that the reported resignation of Secretary Noble was vigorously denied at the presidential cottage. "I heard Private Secretary Halford tell several newspaper correspondents," said Mr. Fassett, "that not only had the secretary not resigned but that he knew nothing as to the statement that General Noble proposed to leave the cabinet."

What the New York Sun Says.

The Sun's Washington dispatch in discussing the same subject says that, notwithstanding the denials that come from Cape May and from department officials in Washington that Secretary Noble has tendered his resignation to the president there is the very best authority for stating that the secretary has notified the president that he desires to retire from the cabinet. The resignation was not made in the usual formal way to be acted upon at once, but the president has been asked by General Noble to retire him, and Mr. Harrison has promised to do so as soon as he can look about him and find the proper person to place at the head of the interior department.

Death of Hon. Bayless Hanna.

CRAWFORDSVILLE, Ind., Aug. 3.—Hon. Bayless Hanna died suddenly of heart failure at his home in Crawsfordsville Sunday afternoon at 5 o'clock. The family had gone driving, leaving him alone, bolstered up in a chair, and upon their return found him dead. For many years Bayless W. Hanna has been one of the most prominent and leading Democrats in Indiana, doing much to mold the party's policy in this state. He was the intimate associate of Thomas A. Hendricks, and was frequently called into his counsel. Mr. Hanna was twice defeated for congress in the eighth congressional district, but always ran ahead of his ticket. When Grover Cleveland was elected president he appointed Mr. Hanna envoy extraordinary and minister plenipotentiary to the Argentine republic.

Starch Factory for Des Moines.

DES MOINES, Aug. 3.—J. C. Peil of Indianapolis, secretary of the National Starch company, otherwise known as the "starch trust," has been in Des Moines since Monday developing a project which is to make Des Moines the manufacturing and distributing center for the trust in the northwest. This city was chosen because of its railroad facilities and location in the midst of a cheap corn producing section. It is proposed to erect here the largest starch factory in the United States, build extensive elevators for the storage of corn, and reduce expenses by concentrating the manufacture.

Fell Eleven Stories.

CHICAGO, Aug. 1.—Jacob Mrochem, an iron worker employed on the new Masonic temple, met a fearful accident about 1 o'clock Friday afternoon. He was walking a stringer on the eleventh floor and lost his balance, falling to the basement. He was breathing when lifted into the ambulance, but cannot live. Both legs and one arm were broken, and his skull was fractured. His body struck beams on the tenth, ninth and eighth floors in its descent and was terribly mangled.

Two Sealing Schooners Seized.

SAN FRANCISCO, Aug. 1.—The steamer St. Paul has arrived from Ounalaska and reports intense excitement over the sealing edict. Two seizures of sealing schooners had been made up to July 20, the British schooner E. B. Marvin, formerly the American schooner Mollie Adams, and he American schooner La Ninfa. Before the news of the close season reached the North American Commercial company they had taken 7,500 seal skins.

Fell Dead in the Pulpit.

LOUISVILLE, Aug. 3.—Rev. William M. Perry, pastor of the Central Presbyterian church, of Bowling Green, was preaching to a large congregation Sunday morning when he fell dead in the pulpit. Death resulted, presumably, from heart disease. He was an eloquent preacher and much beloved. He was 40 years old.

Phonograms Must Pay Duty.

OTTAWA, Ont., Aug. 3.—The customs officials Friday seized a phonogram mailed from New York to Holland Bros., of this city. The recipients in declining to pay duty said that the cylinder should be regarded as ordinary mail matter. The case has been referred for the ruling of the minister of customs

THE NEWS IN BRIEF.

Cattle in the neighborhood of Lyons, Ia., are dying of black leg. The scourge is spreading with alarming rapidity.

Andy Farrall, a saloon keeper, shot and instantly killed a railroad conductor named Charles Harris, at Springfield, O., believing that Harris was too intimate with his wife.

St. Paul citizens indorsed the formation of a Law and Order league with a big massmeeting. Ex-Chief Justice J. R. McMillan was elected president.

Tommy Fay, aged 5 years, is dying at Pittsburg from the effects of liquor alleged to have been poured down his throat by his parents.

John Renth and Ben Schoendt, two prominent farmers of Mascoutah, Wis., signed papers presented by a stranger last week purporting to be orders for fruit trees. The papers have turned up in the shape of notes for $85 and $90 respectively. The farmers will resist payment.

James Egan's stock farm, near West Grove, Ia., was burned, including five stallions valued at $1,000 each. Insurance $2,000.

It is charged that an Iowa railroad has been importing large numbers of Italian laborers, through an agent in Chicago.

John Hicks, aged 18, was arrested in Columbus, Neb., charged with stealing a stallion valued at $2,000. He admitted the theft.

Herr Schlick, a Conservative, has been elected to the seat in the reischstag for Memel, made vacant by the death of Count von Moltke.

While William DeJerald was moving a house in Galesburg, Ills., he fell before the rollers, which passed over him, crushing him to death.

The Rev. Charles H. Spurgeon is better than at any time since his attack began, and his physicians are very hopeful.

The firemen are enthusiastic over the prospects for the annual tournament which opens at Lincoln, Ills., next Tuesday. There will be $2,000 in prizes, with twenty hose and ten hook and ladder teams to contest for them.

Queen Victoria has delayed her departure for Osborne in order to visit the French squadron at Portsmouth.

The body of David Pauley was found with a terrible gash in the head, being dragged slowly along a road leading into Summer, Ills. The horse had evidently thrown him and his foot had caught in the stirrup.

The police confiscated three carloads of beer, valued at $1,500, at Des Moines.

N. E. Carleton, aged 20 years, of Des Moines, committed suicide by means of rat poison.

The teachers' retreat at Chautauqua, under the management of Colonel Parker and six assistants of the Cook county, Ills. normal school, has closed.

From a statement by the treasury department it appears that the commerce of the United States has increased during the past year $82,191,903. The total commerce during the past fiscal year aggregates $1,729,330,896. The total value of imports for the year was $844,902,491, and of exports, $884,425,405.

The comptroller of the currency has authorized the National Bank of the Republic, of Chicago, to begin business with a capital of $1,000,000.

Jim King, a Morgansfield, Ky., seller of illicit whisky, is being hunted by 300 men of Webster and Union counties, who will lynch him when he is found. He forced his wife to submit to the embraces of others.

Dispatches received from Mecca state that the death rate from cholera is 140 per day at that place and thirty daily at Djeddah.

George Ayres was fatally injured in the Pana, Ills., Coal company's mine by falling slate.

At Cummings, O., Will Moore was killed by a boiler explosion.

The census bureau estimates that 2,225,000 families of the 12,500,000 families in the United States occupy and own incumbered farms and homes.

The premium on gold at Buenos Ayres has now reached 317.

A refusal of a "treer" to instruct a boy in the boot and shoe factory of John E. Drake, at Quincy, Mass., resulted in the closing of the establishment and the throwing out of employment of 2,000 hands.

Carl Schulke, manager of the electrical works at Hamburg, has escaped to America after committing heavy frauds on the company.

Pitcher Keefe will remain with the New York club, the trouble which caused his release having been adjusted.

Whitecaps near Raleigh, took Mrs. Mary Green Allen from her cottage and beat her unmercifully. No cause is assigned for the action.

Dr. Reed, an inmate of the Northern Indiana Hospital for the Insane, was so badly beaten by another patient that he died.

A 4-year-old daughter of Martin Morrison, living near, Pana, Ills., was kicked in the face by a colt and dangerously injured.

While Mr. and Mrs. William Bradley, of Mount Zion township, Ills., were in Decatur shopping their two daughters took a train for Terre Haute with Douglas Nowlin and Elmer Combs, and there was a double wedding

A horse belonging to Joseph King, a farmer near Bloomington, Ills., went mad and attacked a passing fish peddler, injuring him dangerously. The animal was lassoed and placed in an inclosure, where he died.

The strike of the Ship Carpenters' union at Chicago for an eight-hour working day has collapsed and the men are applying for work without stipulations as to hours

Agents of the companies controlling the anthracite coal markets met at New York Wednesday and decided to maintain the present prices.

Cashier Kirby, who embezzled $100,000 from a Marshall, Mich., bank, has been arrested at Sedalia, Mo.

It will cost nearly $1,000,000 a year more to run the mints if the next congress goes in for free coinage.

Portions of the town of Williamsport, Ia., were flooded by a heavy rainfall. The wind carried thirty-five houses off their foundations, and one house collapsed before the inmates could get out.

George Krantz, a business man of Defiance, O., was instantly killed by Harry Willey, a real estate agent. The tragedy is said to be the result of a quarrel over a horse.

It is proposed to combine the 137 boards of trade and similar institutions in New York in a state board.

James R. Godfrey, the last of the Miami tribe of Indians and once a chief, is dying at his home near South Bend, Ind., from an attack of cholera morbus.

Captain Jack Crawford, the poet-scout, has returned to Duluth from a trip to the northen part of Vermilion lake, and reports that Frank Porter, a half breed, and Mrs. Dempsey of Stillwater, Minn., have for three months past been working among the Chippewa Indians on the reservation and have converted nearly all to Christianity. Old Chief Wake-Me-Up is one of the most ardent converts. The Indians a few days ago gathered all their idols in a big pile and burned them up.

About 500 Odd Fellows from lodges of the county met in Hillsdale, Mich., and held a picnic and organized what is to be known as the Hillsdale County Odd Fellows' Picnic association.

The new chinch bug remedy by inoculation, discovered in Kansas, has been tried with apparent success in Wisconsin, some of the imported infected insects causing the death of millions of the bugs in a wheat field.

Mrs. Margaret Calhoun, daughter-in-law of John C. Calhoun, of nullification fame, is dead. She was descended from Mildred Washington, first cousin of George Washington.

Harry Lindsey, a 14 year-old boy of Detroit visiting in Cambria, Mich., fatally shot himself.

The manager of the Steel Tubular Car company of Philadelphia, John W. Post, is charged with embezzling $17,500. Post has disappeared.

Potomac, the great son of St. Blaise and Susquehanna, is so badly crippled that he has been turned out by his owner, M. F. Dwyer.

Advices from China report another Christian mission burned; also the sinking of a steamer by collision, with the loss of 200 lives.

A fight at Pylie, Tex., over an attempt to evict tenants, resulted in the killing of Will Holman and the probably fatal wounding of Eli Gilcrearc, Holman's landlord.

The First National bank of Vinita, I. T., has been organized with a capital stock of $50,000. It is the only bank in the Cherokee nation.

The quaterly statement of the Philadelphia Natural Gas company shows net earnings of $328,212.25. The net debt is $225,131.68, a decrease in nine months of nearly $1,000,000.

Davison and adjacent counties of South Dakota report rye and barley all cut and partly thrashed. The wheat harvest is also well advanced, and a conservative estimate places the yield at twenty-three bushels per acre.

Frank L. Pratt, a somnambulist of Fort Smith, Ark., sat down on the railway track while asleep. He was killed by a freight train.

H. F. Perley, the suspended chief engineer of public works of Canada, fainted when asked before the committee on public accounts why he had rejected the lowest bid for work, making a difference of $100,000.

A company having a capital stock of $100,000 has been organized to build a stock yards and a packing house at Ft. Madison, Ia.

Fire destroyed J. Himmelberger's flouring mill at Morehouse, Mo. Loss, $50,000.

The farmers near Davenport, Ia., are alarmed over the appearance of a disease among their cattle which resembles in its symptoms the description of the disease now prevalent in some parts of Illinois.

Samuel Cooper, arrested in connection with a conspiracy to rob the American Savings bank at Des Moines has been adjudged insane.

Warner Miller says that by subscriptions in San Francisco, Chicago and New York has money enough in sight to carry on the work of the Nicaragua canal for two years, without further financial arrangement.

Charles Moore and Roxy Willey, aged 9 and 7 respectively, got into a gun store at Wichita, Kan., and stole some toys. As a result Moore is dead and Willey dangerously wounded.

Illness from hay fever caused Ned Coburn of Mattoon, Ills., to commit suicide by taking morphine. He was employed in the Big Four machine shops.

Diphtheria is prevaling in the vicinity of Loogootee, near Vandalia, Ills.

James Gormely, agent of the High Explosive company, of Bradford, Pa., was drowned in Chautauqua lake.

Secretary Rusk is said to be almost as much of an enthusiast over base ball as the head of the treasury department, and, like Mr. Foster, when he attends a game in Washington, the agriculturist-in-chief sits up in the reporter's box instead of the grand stand.

A cyclone struck Checotan, I. T., damaging buildings in the town and scope in the neighborhood several thousand dollars.

John Larson, 13 years old, was crushed to death in the Templeton house elevator at Salt Lake City.

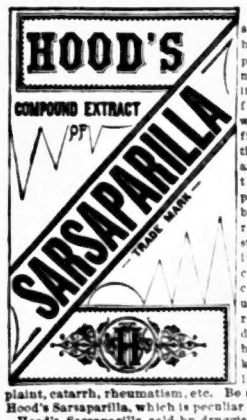
Colored people at Davenport, Ia., celebrated the dual anniversary of the emancipation of the slaves in the United States and the West Indies.

At Creston, O., Miss Lanie Billman attempted to rescue her sister's child from in front of a train and was herself run over and killed.

Kansas has been boycotted by tramps this season. Work is so plenty that it is not safe for a loafer to strike the state.

Owing to the new sanitary measures in England, there has been a diminution of more than 30 per cent. in the death rate from consumption since 1861.

A fireman at Myerstown, Pa., wore a celluoid collar to a fire, when it became ignited from too great exposure to the heat and burned his neck and discolored his face.



Hood's Sarsaparilla has by its peculiar merit and its wonderful cures won the confidence of the people, and is to-day the most popular blood purifier and strengthening medicine. It cures scrofula, salt rheum, dyspepsia, headache, kidney and liver complaint, catarrh, rheumatism, etc. Be sure to get Hood's Sarsaparilla, which is peculiar to itself.

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THE CITIZEN.

JOHN F. FINERTY,
CHIEF EDITOR.

Office, McCormick Block, 69 Dearborn-st.

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CHICAGO, AUGUST 8, 1891.

AMUSEMENTS.

Following are the announcements for the principal places of amusement during the coming week:

HOOLEY'S THEATRE.
Randolph-st. between Clark and LaSalle—"The County Fair."

M'VICKER'S THEATRE.
Madison street, between Dearborn and State—"The Soudan."

CHICAGO OPERA HOUSE.
Corner Clark and Washington Sts.—"Sinbad; or the Maid of Balsora."

COLUMBIA THEATRE.
Monroe street, between Clark and Dearborn—Charles Frohman's Company.

GRAND OPERA HOUSE.
Clark-st., between Washington and Randolph—Thatcher's Minstrels.

HAVLIN'S THEATRE.
Wabash avenue and Nineteenth street—"Our Strategists."

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

GENERAL NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS AND CONTRIBUTORS.—Write on one side of the paper only. Leave sufficient space between the lines for corrections and changes. Use as few words as possible. Long communications are seldom printed and almost as seldom read.

"M.C." City.—The lines have some merit, but are not up to the proper standard.

"ANON," City.—It is a settled rule in newspaper offices that people who are afraid, or ashamed, to sign their names to communications of inquiry, etc., shall not be noticed.

"M.F.K.," Streator, Ill.—THE CITIZEN knows nothing of the antecedents of the individual you inquire about. There is little doubt, however, that he is a sensationalist and a fraud.

"ANTIQUARY," Detroit—It is hard to say what uniform the Irish army wore at Aughrim. Probably it was of different colors. The regular regiments, such as Tyrconnell's and the Queen's Guards, Hamilton's Horse, etc., wore scarlet, most likely; the tribal regiments, such as those of Felix O'Neill and Col. Daniel O'Connell, wore frieze, gray or black, and others again were dressed in blue or white French uniforms. The supplies were very irrerular during all the three years of warfare, from 1688 to 1691. Louis XIV, pressed by his enemies on the continent, could send only scanty atd to the Irish, although he undoubtedly sympathized with their cause. The Irish infantry who fought at the Boyne were mostly raw levies and badly armed. The men who fought at Aughrim were seasoned soldiers, and have ever been spoken of, even by the most prejudiced English writers, in terms of praise.

"D. T. LEARY," Groverton, Mich.—The History of Ireland by the Rev. Abbe M'Geoghegan, with continuation by John Mitchel, is the best authority on Irish subjects extant. It can be procured from P. M. Haverty, publisher, Barclay street, New York city.

"O'B.," City—(1) Shandon church, Cork, is not a very ancient structure, having been built since the so-called Reformation. It is used by a community of Anglicans—Protestant Episcopalians—and has been since its foundation. The bells were placed in the belfry many generations ago. The relics of Rev. Francis Mahony (Father Prout), who immortalized Shandon Bells, were, pursuant to his own request, although he died a Catholic, buried in Shandon graveyard, where, also, his forefathers for many generations were interred. (2) Marie Louise, Napoleon's second wife, was created Archduchess of Parma after Napoleon's exile to St. Helena. Common report said that she submitted to the advances of Gen. Count Neiperg, of her father's army, during the unfortunate Emperor's lifetime. It is certain that she consented to a morganatic marriage with the Count after Napoleon's death. There may have been issue of the morganatic marriage, but we have no authority that can remove doubt upon the subject.

"We must tolerate one another, or else tolerate the common enemy."—*Henry Grattan.*

FURTHER HUMILIATION OF IRELAND.

The depth of political trickery which afflicts the English mind is well illustrated by the following article on "Over-represented Ireland," excerpted from the Tory organ called *England*, published in London:

"It is worth while to consider the relative representation of Ireland and Great Britain, in view of the cry of a reconstitution of the electorate, which has been raised by the opposition. At the time of the Union, the population of Ireland had been estimated at 5 395 000, that of Great Britain at 10 701 000, and of the United Kingdom at 15 896,000. With one third of the population, Mr. Pitt allotted to Ireland 100 representatives out of the 658 members of the imperial parliament, as a fair proportion of her wealth and population. Today, with a population reduced to one-eighth of that of the United Kingdom, Ireland has 103 representatives. In 1885, when the franchise was extended, and political power was redistributed, Great Britain gained only nine seats, and yet no one can for a moment compare the relative growth of wealth and population in England and Ireland. If, with one-third of the population, Ireland's fair share of representation was 100 and Great Britain, with two thirds, was 558, it stands to reason that while Ireland's population has sunk to one eighth, and Great Britain has trebled her population, the representation of the two countries is altogether out of proportion. The question which rises to every mind is, 'Why has Ireland seventy more representatives than her proportion fixed at the Union?' Let those who cry, 'One man one vote,' answer the corollary, 'One vote one value.' At present the vote of an Irish elector is worth twice as much as that of a British elector. And yet the British elector contributes £2 2s. 8½., while the Irish elector only contributes £1 11s. 2½. Upon this basis, Ireland's full share of representation would not be 103, but 60 representatives, and Great Britain's 610 and not 567.

"The plain fact is that, whether considered from the point of view of population or of wealth, of industries or of taxation, Ireland is immensely over represented, and Great Britain is proportionately under represented. Mr. Gladstone would never have been exposed to the temptation of yielding to the pressure of an 85 Irish home rule power if justice had been done in the redistribution of seats. A fair approximation to the true representation of Ireland can be easily obtained by taking the average of the various points of view to which we have alluded. Upon the basis of the Union, the number of Irish members should be 33; according to population it would be 84. The mean of the three factors of wealth (89), imperial taxation (60), and the national debt (26), is 42—total 159. Dividing this figure by three, we find the proper number of representatives to which Ireland is entitled is 53. In other words, Ireland has no less than 50 representatives beyond her share. Surely this is a British grievance. Why should Great Britain fall short by fifty of what is due to her wealth and population, in order to allow Ireland to monopolize one half more of the attention of the empire than is her due?"

William Pitt, when maturing the Union act, well knew, as an Englishman of foresight, that he was making Ireland's coffin. He was satisfied with getting Ireland into the imperial compact on delusive terms, and, therefore, made only a pretense of fight on her representation, which, even by the English showing, was not out of proportion to her importance. What murderous facts *England* presents to its readers! In 1800, Ireland stood as one to two against England and Scotland combined; this, too, after the bloody and desolating rebellion of 1798. Today she stands as about one to eight! William Pitt knew, at the time of the Union, that the vast majority of the Irish representatives, unless Catholic emancipation should be immediately achieved, would be staunch supporters of the English conection. One of the arguments made by Pitt, Castlereagh and their kind, in seeking to win the support of the Irish Catholic hierarchy to the Union cause, was that the English being more liberal than the Irish Protestants, emancipation could be more easily won from the former than from the latter. The hierarchy, unfortunately, thought so too, and some of them gave their support to the fatal measure. As another instance of English faithlessness in dealing with Ireland, it may be well to note that Catholic emancipation was not granted until 29 years after the Union act had become a law, and then only on threat of civil war.

But the deadliest blow aimed by the Union act against Ireland was the destruction of her manufactures. The Irish parliament, after having gained the partial independence of 1782, placed restrictive duties on English products imported into Ireland. Under this system, the increase in Irish prosperity between the year of independence and the year of Union was the most marvelous ever known in Europe, and as the duties on English goods were not entirely removed, even under the Union enactment, until 1820, the full meaning of England's commercial policy was not made manifest to Ireland until that period. Then, one by one, the Irish industries, with a few phenomenal exceptions, perished, and the people who had been employed in them betook themselves to other lands or to agricultural pursuits at home. Famine followed famine until the great disaster of 1847—the total failure of the potato crop on which the people depended chiefly for food—put a finishing touch to the most cruel and most cowardly policy by which "an ancient and respectable nation," as Henry Grattan once called it, was ever reduced to beggary and political destruction.

Ireland is in a worse position today than she has been at any time since the fall of Limerick. She is dying by inches under the pitiless English rule. Her parliamentary representation has been a curse to her instead of a blessing, and if tomorrow England should deny her all representation, it would be a good thing for her future. But why? Because then the resources of the Irish mind and the Irish purse would be used for other methods of warfare against the British governmental demon than mere windy debates on the floor of the house of commons. It makes no difference now to England whether Ireland has 103 or 33 representatives in the London parliament. There is no further hope from that source. The evil conduct of Parnell's leading opponents has destroyed any chance of "amelioration" that may have existed. But, outside of Ireland, the Irish race grows stronger, and in Ireland the indications are that the old, determined national spirit is reviving. The eyes of the country that have so long been turned toward parliamentary rainbows, now turn toward the party of action in America and other countries. The hour is ripe for the men who really mean business, to organize with renewed energy and be prepared for the day of wrath. Rome, in the day of her power, crushed Jerusalem, even as England today crushes Ireland. The Roman Empire, which covered almost the known earth, fell, and of it not a vestige remains, but the Jewish race, as regards wealth and political power, has rebuilt the Temple of Solomon, while a thousand Zions, instead of one, claim its devotion. The British Empire is following that of Rome to chaos. The Irish are being driven from their native soil only to become more formidable to England in the countries of their adoption. Their Zion is not entirely desolate, and may be revived, but it must be by means and by men such as tyrants, in their most arrogant moods, understand and respect.

THE IRISH NATIONAL GATHERING.

The Ogden Grove Irish National Demonstration of Aug. 15 will be officered by the following Irish Americans: President, William H. Joyce; vice-president, Daniel F. O'Connor; treasurer, William Gavin; secretaries, Andrew J. Duggan and John Dowling; executive committee, James C. Strain, chairman; members,

Daniel Corkery,	Frank Agnew,
P. V. Fitzpatrick,	Thomas O'Donnell,
John Dwyer,	W. H. Kelly,
Capt. P. F. Ryan,	James O'Toole,
Thomas Ahern,	Michael O'Connor,
Edward Trainor,	Thomas Walsh,
Thomas McDermott,	Edward Rowlan,
Patrick O'Brien,	M. J. Kelly,
John J. O'Connell,	M. J. Keane,
P. B. Flanagan,	J. D. M'Carthy,
Lawrence Henley,	Frank D. Kinsella,
William Houlihan,	William Madden,
Martin Mulcahy,	Patrick Curtain,
John Gibbons,	Patrick Morris,
Lawrence Markey,	Michael Heaney,
James C. Strain,	John Foley,
Martin Garrity,	Michael Fitzgerald,
Edward O'Byrne,	Thomas Jones,
Joseph Gannon,	T. P. Murphy,
John Roche,	Prof. J. J. McCarthy,
John F. Finerty,	M. P. Brady,
Thomas McPhillips,	Col. Thomas J. Ford,
Patrick F. Conway,	J. J. O Keefe,
William O'Brien,	John E. Long,
John M. Smyth,	P. Doyle,
James O'Brien,	J. J. Carroll,
Patrick McCarthy,	Thomas Mulcahy,
Ald. E. P. Burke,	J. J. Mahoney,
W. F. Mahoney,	Capt. L. R. Buckley,
John Powers,	John McGovern,
W. F. Murphy,	Timothy Mahoney,
James Bradley,	Hugh K. Jordan,
Thomas L. Hartigan,	David Clohessy,
J. J. McCormick,	John McNulty,
Michael McInerney,	William McCoy,
John T. O'Malley,	Maurice Moore,
J. J. Fitzgibbon,	John J. Fox,
Owen Murray,	Ignatius Sheridan,
John Masterson,	D. J. Ryan,
H. J. Jordan,	F. T. Colby,
Matt Lamb,	William Lyman,
Joseph A. O'Donnell,	Joseph P. Gallagher,
John Nugent,	Michael McCarthy,
Con Hollihan,	M. J. Bransfield,
M. S. Hyland,	Charles Cody,
E. J. Quinlan,	J. J. McKenna,
Matt E. Hand,	Roger C. Sullivan,
J. W. McCarthy,	Patrick Byrne,
P. J. Mangan,	J. J. Sullivan.

The speakers of the occasion will be the Hon. Christopher A. Gallagher, Minneapolis, Minn.; Mr. James K. McGuire, Syracuse, N. Y.; Mr. O'Neill Ryan, St. Louis, Mo., and Mr. Matthew P. Brady, of this city. The afternoon meeting will be presided over by Mr. M. J. Keane, and the evening demonstration by Mr. Frank Agnew. In addition to the literary and patriotic exercises, there will be martial music, dancing, athletic games, fireworks and a magnificent panoramic view of Ireland. Nothing will be left undone to promote the pleasure of those who may attend the gathering.

THE FIGURES OF DOOM.

Messrs. Dillon and O'Brien, M.Ps, having served their six months' term in Galway jail, were released on the morning of the 30th ult. Their "offense" consisted in inciting the tenants on the Smith-Barry estate at Tipperary to resist payment of unjust rents. Neither of the prisoners seemed to have suffered by incarceration. Large crowds of people gathered outside the jail long before the hour set for the deliverance of the two imprisoned Irish leaders, and when the latter did appear they were greeted with loud shouts of "Stick to Parnell!" No sooner were the members of parliament free from the prison surroundings, than a deputation of tenant farmers presented them with several addresses of congratulation upon their release from prison. Mrs. Wm. O'Brien, the wife of the well known member of parliament, was waiting in a carriage outside the jail for her husband, whom she welcomed back to liberty in a most affectionate manner, amid the cheers of the surrounding crowd. After replying briefly to the addresses of welcome, and shaking hands with a number of the most prominent people present, both Mr. Dillon and Mr. O'Brien entered Mrs. O'Brien's carriage and were driven, followed by repeated cheers and shouts of good wishes, to the residence of Bishop McCormick, where the entire party were entertained at breakfast. Subsequently they proceeded to Dublin, where they were well received. Mr. Dillon declared unequivocally against Mr. Parnell, but Mr. O'Brien intimated that he would take a long period of rest before entering actively into Irish politics again. He is now busy in the completion of an historical novel, on which he was engaged while in prison. Mr. Dillon is said to be the clerical candidate for the leadership of the Parliamentary party. He took his seat beside Justin McCarthy in the house of commons on Tuesday. William O'Brien simply put in a formal appearance. Both members were cordially received by their colleagues on both sides of the leadership question.

Matters are coming to such a pass in the London den of thieves, commonly called the British parliament, that it makes little difference to Ireland and the Irish who the parliamentary leader may be. Mr. Gladstone is, physically, a broken man, and, even if he should rally again, his vitality cannot long hold out under the immense weight of his years. His game is lost already, notwithstanding the recent Liberal victories. It is undoubted that Vernon Harcourt will be his successor, as he now is his most trusted lieutenant. John Morley is an able, and, for an English politician, an honest man, but he cannot sway English opinion. Ireland is doomed if she relies further on Whig concessions. She is in a desperate situation, and nothing but desperate remedies, of some kind, can save her from physical, as well as political, annihilation. The Irish people every where had better take this lesson to heart. Here it is, approximately:

Population, under Cromwell, 1649, supposed to be	1,400 000
Under William III, 1691	2 000 000
Under George II, 1745	3 500,000
Under George III, 1800	5 500,000
Under George IV, 1825	6,750 000
Under William IV, 1835	7,500,000
Under Victoria, 1837-1847	8 400,000
Under Victoria 1847-1857	6.750,000
Under Victoria, 1857-1867	6 000,000
Under Victoria, 1867 1877	5,250 000
Under Victoria, 1877-1887	5 000 000
Under Victoria, 1887 1891	4 750,000
Under Victoria (or Wales) 1891-1901	4 250,000
Under Wales (or son), 1901 1911	3 750 000
Under Wales' son, 1911-1921	3,250,000
Under Wales' son, 1921-1931	2,750,000
Under Wales' grandson, 1931-1941	2 250,000
Under Wales' grandson, 1941-1951	1 750 000
Under Wales' grandson, 1951-1961	1 250 000
Under Wales' great grandson, 1961-1971	750,000
Under Wales' great grandson, 1971-1981	250,000

At the present rate it will take only ninety years to depopulate Ireland, judging by her downward progress since the first decade of Victoria's reign. In case of famine, it would take only forty five years to complete the horrible work, leaving 250 000 people to tend the flocks and herds for the English market. What a prospect, brought before our eyes, by a simple calculation, based upon tragical precedent!

If we mean to do anything for Ireland, it is surely time to be up and stirring. Owing to the failure of the parliamentary movement, and the despair wrought by faction, Irish emigration is again on the increase. The English politicians have begun to believe that there is no force behind the Irish movement, and so the relentless mill keeps grinding on in the Castle. Until that machine is destroyed, there is no hope for Ireland, and parliamentary methods are as powerless against it, as a Chinese drum would be against the defenses of Gibraltar.

"FEDERATION OF THE ENGLISH-SPEAKING PEOPLES."

Above is the title of an elaborate and lengthy speech made at the Pan Congregational Congress in London a few weeks ago by a Rev. F. H. Stead. Although the congress was held in London, England, most of the speakers were Americans, and Mr. Stead is, we believe, a citizen of this great Republic. The subject is not a new one; many have made it their theme both in this country and in England.

Mr. Stead's speech is given in full in a late issue of the New York *Independent*, the greatest of all American weeklies. The speech was uttered from at least one rational standpoint, namely, that a common language is the strongest possible bond between men and nations. He was right in this; and the time may come when language alone, and not seas, rivers, lakes or mountains, will be the boundary between nations. History seems to confirm Mr. Stead's theory, in a great measure, for once Rome succeeded in fixing her language on the conquered nations of Spain and Gaul, their inhabitants become utterly broken in their nationality, and never after raised a hand against the yoke of Rome. Even in Britain, where Roman power did not last sufficiently long to thoroughly implant the Latin language, it nevertheless seems to have emasculated the ancient Britons, for when their Saxon invaders appeared, they petitioned Rome for help instead of fighting for their liberty. The ancient Britons made about the worst fight against the Saxons for their liberty that ever any nation made except the Saxons themselves when invaded by the Norman-French. Our sources of information about the struggle between the ancient Britons and the Saxons are very meagre; but it is certain that the former made a very bad stand against their invaders, for in about two generations after the first Saxon invasion of Britain, we find them masters of all England. The Britons enjoyed three centuries of almost profound peace under Roman rule; they must have been many times more numerous than their invaders; they could not have been exterminated by them; and we are forced to believe that, after some fighting, they quietly submitted to the Saxons, lost their language, whether it was Latin or Celtic, and were completely absorbed by their conquerors. Few and uncertain as are our sources of knowledge about the ancient Britons, the theory that at the coming of the Saxons, they had almost entirely lost their native language, and had adopted Latin, is now generally accepted by recent historians. There was a marked difference in the stand the Britons had made against the Romans and the stand they made against the Saxons. It took nearly the whole power of Rome to subjugate them. In their revolt under their queen, Boadecia, Roman historians admit the loss of seventy thousand Roman soldiers; and it is thought that less than half that number of Saxons conquered the Britons after they had lost their language and became denationalized under the yoke of Rome.

The speakers at the Pan-Congregational Congress claim that there are 350,000,000 of people under the rule of English-speaking nations. That may be all true; but when they claimed that all these people will ultimately become English-speaking, they simply make fools of themselves. Barbarous, unwritten languages can be easily wiped out, but cultivated, written ones die a hard death. No conqueror can kill them unless it be the fault of the conquered. This fact has been often proved. Latin killed out the native, uncultivated dialects of Gaul and Spain in a few generations; but it could not kill Greek; it continued to be the language not only of Greece itself but of almost all the East during the time of Roman sway, and after the political power of Rome had passed away for ever. English, consequently, can never supplant the native languages of India. They are, for the most part, old and cultivated forms of speech. If England, like Russia, could annex foreign nations, and make them part and parcel of herself as Russia does, there might be some chance of her language becoming the current speech of the natives of her East Indian possessions. But she cannot do this, owing to her insular position. Neither can she colonize India, for that country already contains even more people than it can support. Not one in ten thousand of them knows English, and we have no reason to think that they will ever adopt it as their current speech.

As usual with all lunatics and bigots of his class, the Rev. Mr. Stead thinks that almost all English speaking people are Anglo-Saxons, and that Anglo-Saxons are the chosen people of the Lord. The rubbish our evangelical brethren write about Anglo-Saxonism is almost too absurd to be noticed; and unfortunately Americans outdo even the English in ridiculous cant about Anglo-Saxons—"the Lord's chosen people," "the coming race," "the inheritors of the earth," etc., etc. These ethnological asses had better take care that their very self-glorification be not their bane. Their utterances will be read by foreign peoples, and will disgust them. There are nearly as many Spanish speaking people on this continent, even now, as there are English speaking people. The countries on this continent occupied by Spanish and Portuguese-speaking peoples—and Spanish and Portuguese may be classed as one language—could support fully *five times* the population of those occupied by speakers of English! When those Spanish-speaking people become fully aware of the linguistic and ethnological bigotry of the so-called "Anglo Saxon," they will probably take the strongest aversion to him and his language,—form a Hispano-Portuguese union of their own, taboo the language of the "Anglo-Saxons," and have as little as possible to do with those who speak it. Let bigotry, cant and narrowmindedness on the part of Americans once rouse the ire of foreign nations, and a genius ten times greater than that of James G. Blaine will not make reciprocity a success.

Not only will rubbish about Anglo-Saxonism and the English language disgust the people of the southern part of this continent, it will disgust European nations as well. The Latin-speaking nations of Europe, French, Spanish, Portuguese and others, are over a hundred millions. They may form a Latin Union to offset the Anglo-Saxon Union. The Teutonic nations have a population of nearly eighty millions; they may get up a Teutonic Union. The Slavonic nations may get up a Slavonic Union. All of these unions would be hostile to the Anglo-Saxon Union, and would look on it as their natural enemy because of its pride, vain glory and bigotry. Thus those intolerable mouthers may be the means of making people fight about something that never caused a fight before, and oceans of blood may yet flow on account of their intolerable bigotry and conceit.

It must be a cause of deep grief to any Irish Celt to think that, owing to his gigantic error in not clinging to his national language, he will be counted as making part of the "Federation of English Speaking Peoples." R.

THE CHILIAN TROUBLE.

The English, with their usual cunning, are playing the same game in Chili that they played so successfully in this republic during our civil war. The weight of British sympathy seems to be with the insurgents, because, it is understood, the latter would be more friendly to English commercial interests than the Balmaceda government. This may be mere speculation, but the New York *Herald* has already openly charged Minister Egan with being friendly to Balmaceda simply out of opposition to England, and Senor Hoffman, one of the insurgent party, charged Mr. Egan with having caused the capture of the Itata by notifying the Chilian minister at Washington of its errand to our shores. Several of the English newspapers have adopted the *Herald's* theory in regard to Mr. Egan's policy, and have, as might be expected, joined in a cry of denunciation. But the Washington authorities say, in reply to all complaints, that Mr. Egan has acted under instructions and in conformity with the traditional policy of this government in such cases.

AT the Irish National League convention, held in the Rotunda, Dublin, on July 22 23, 2 500 delegates from all parts of Ireland were present, and enthusiastically indorsed Parnell's continued leadership.

MR. PARNELL held an immense meeting and had a grand reception at Thurles, county Tipperary, on Sunday. He spoke near Archbishop Croke's palace, but that hierarch made no hostile demonstration.

YOUNG Edward Dwyer Gray, part proprietor of the Dublin *Freeman*, came out recently in a letter in which he withdrew his allegiance from Parnell, because of the Carlow defeat, although he put it on other grounds. Mr. Dwyer doubtless consulted his mamma before taking this serious step. He is barely out of kilts, and does not know his own mind, if he has any. Notwithstanding the child's defection, the *Freeman* is still vigorously supporting Mr. Parnell and his policy with more than usual vigor.

JOHN F. FINERTY will be the speaker of the day at the Irish National Demonstration, to be held in Kansas City, Mo., on Aug. 15.

BEFORE frightful railroad murders are stopped in America, it will be necessary to pass a law making carelessness or drunkenness on the part of conductors, engineers, flagmen and train dispatchers a capital offense. Then hang them, if found guilty.

THE cable says that Mr. Parnell will make a tour of this country in the fall. It is rumored that Mrs. Parnell, annoyed and disgusted by the attacks made upon her husband and herself, is in feeble health, and will winter in the south of France.

VERY PLAIN TALK.

[*To the Editor.*]

Irish Nationalists in America and Australia should make it clear to those in Ireland that we take no interest in their disgraceful squabbles for and against Parnell, but regard them with indignation and disgust. We believe that Parnell's position was legal, and that the "majority" had no right or power to displace him until the end of the term for which he was elected. His legal right ceases on the first day of next session of parliament. Both parties acted outrageously, and have put back the cause of Home Rule by showing that they are not fit for self-government; but there is a slight excuse for Parnell, because he was the assailed, not the assailant. Both parties acted without dignity, and without regard for the political effect of their courses. If Parnell had simply refused to abdicate, and had never published his manifesto or indulged in personalities, he would have a stronger following yet. The Healyites were even more regardless of dignity and of the ill effect of their methods. The loss or gain of three members to either party would have been trivial in comparison with the slurs inflicted on Ireland's name.

The conclusion of most dispassionate people is that neither of these parties is fit to govern, because they cannot govern themselves. We are thankful that a set of men with as little foresight as the Healyites will not legislate in College Green. We feel that Parnell and his opponents will never gain Home Rule, because they have emasculated themselves by their follies. Therefore we naturally question whether the delusion of parliamentary agitation should longer be pursued. Nothing is to be hoped from it. It is certain that the two factions will continue at war unless some new departure be made. Why not advise the Irish people to take up a new departure at once, instead of wasting four or five precious years to find out at length that this new move is the only thing that will advance the cause another step?

We have had enough of parliamentary agitation. The objection to it is that it compromises Ireland's right to political independence, and is sure to end in an unsatisfactory bargain such as Gladstone proposed in 1886. Another objection to it is that it checks and discourages the education of the people of Ireland in national principles—in love for their traditions, language, and history. England does not like these to be kept alive, and the parliamentarians always wet blanket them. Another objection is that it repudiates the physical force element. The parliamentarians are so solicitous to prove their "loyalty" that they sacrifice their independence, their best friends, their strongest backers, and the only element that can move England to concede anything. A further objection is that it makes the Irish M.P. domineering. He gets the idea that he is the hinge on which everything turns, and that because he can enter "the House" he is away above his constituents in intellect, patriotism, importance, and sagacity. Criticism has dealt very gently with the parliamentarians. Yet, except as orators and tacticians, but few of them proved themselves above mediocrity. As a party they made egregious mistakes, displayed miserable cowardice, and were lacking in all appreciation or knowledge of high statesmanship. Yet it was a settled principle with them that they were to monopolize the expression of Irish opinion. "I am Sir Oracle, etc." A final objection is that parliamentary agitation killed all Irish organization, in America and elsewhere. Instead of working alongside of a free and forcible Nationalist propaganda, it suppressed every other combination but its own—that is, every combination that was not under the thumb of British ministers. It said to societies in America and Australia, "We have no need of you, but only of your money; send us plenty of that, that we may spend it in electioneering, paying salaries to the men of our party, and subsidizing newspapers to praise us."

Isn't it time that there was an end to all this? Let us at once seek a better way!

W.

WHERE?

BY EUGENE DAVIS.

Where are the old days gone?—
The careless hours we spent in youthhood, fanned
By all the fragrant zephyrs of a land
As fair as Lebanon?

The gambols by the bay,
The chase of surge and wavelet on the shore,
The domes of sand we fashioned there of yore—
Oh, tell me where are they?

Where are the dreams of old?—
The hot young blood that panted for the fight
When men would die for Freedom and for Right,
And hearts were brave and bold?

Have all those buried days
Lain on our mem'ry's mirror, soiled and blurred—
Those days when in the city's streets we heard
The ringing Marseillaise?

Hours when that glorious lay
Surged through the haunts of toil, the nests of trade,
Woke hand and soul, and manned the barricade—
Oh, tell me where are they?

Where are the olden loves?
Are they too in the lonely churchyard dead?
Or have they to the richer pastures sped,
Like false and fickle doves?

The vows young lips would say,
The kisses sweet e'en in remembrance yet,
The loves that swore to love and not forget—
Oh, tell me where are they?

Vain queries these to ask,
And vainer still to answer; for if we
Should seek to live the past again, ah, me!
It were a bootless task!

For what is life at best?
A quest of glittering rainbows o'er the main,
Some wee sweet hours of joy, long years of pain
To close in endless rest!

IRISH NEWS NOTES.

Michael McGrath, the man arrested for firing into the house of Water Bailiff Mangan, at Bridane, near Lismore, was brought before Mr. J. F. Lynch, R. M., at Lismore. Mr. Henry F. Feely, solicitor, Lismore, who appeared for McGrath, reserved his defense. The prisoner was returned for trial to the winter assizes.

Messrs. Clayton & Co. reopened their woolen factory at Kingsbridge. It is expected 150 girls will find constant employment in the factory in the future.

The electric light was introduced into the town of Carlow on July 13.

Eviction notices have been served on the tenants who have adopted the Plan of Campaign on the estate of Mr. P. J. Dillon, county Clare.

United Ireland says: "Dr. Croke has sent five pounds to the Cork *Herald* Indemnity Fund, and in forwarding his subscription writes that the *Herald* has done more than any other paper since the crisis arose, to advance the National cause. In other words Dr. Croke helps to pay the law expenses incurred by that paper for printing a libel.

Father O'Neill, P. P., Bagnalstown, has apologized to his bishop for his action during the Carlow election. The reverend gentleman, in view of his recent experience, can now preach on the folly of "the priest in politics."

Dublin is at last to have a first class play house. A company has been formed to take over the Leinster Hall and convert it into a theatre.

A very pretty speech, considering *all* the circumstances, was made by the venerable Dr. Denehy at the National League convention in Waterford. The doctor was, we understand, born several years before Catholic Emancipation, and for a relic of the penal days is in a remarkable state of preservation.

The Boyle police seized a jar of "poteen," in the garden of a woman named Mylett, residing at Ross, a few days ago. She was charged at the petty sessions in Boyle and fined £6, or in default three month's imprisonment. Moral: Never bury "poteen,"—drink it.

The marriage of Sir Thomas Esmonde, M. P., to Miss Donovan, of Tralee, was solemnized in London recently. He invited none of his colleagues to be present at the ceremony. The "baronite" has a pair of fully developed ears for music, hence the rigid boycott of the "Bantry Band."

At Fahy, near Eyrecourt, about eleven miles from Ballinasloe, the Rev. Father Ryan, P. P., announced that the Fahy Male National school, which had been closed for nearly three years in consequence of the dismissal of the school master, would be opened next day, and that it would be given in charge of a female teacher. The dismissed teacher was present in the chapel when the announcement was made, and uttered some observations which created great excitement. In the evening several shots were fired through the window into Father Ryan's parlor, and a hat belonging to him was riddled with bullets. The police was informed of the matter. Mr. Paul, R. M., and County Inspector M. J. O'Brien visited the scene, and the result was that a man named Kelly, a schoolmaster, was arrested and sent to Galway jail on remand.

Six female paupers of the Limerick workhouse were sent to jail for a fortnight on a charge of insubordination, a few weeks ago. It was stated that the offense arose out of the hostility of the prisoners to an official of the workhouse, who was accused of having taken an evicted farm.

The £200 which was reported as having been lost near Newcastle West, has since been recovered. Though a reward of £10 was offered, the finder would not accept anything, and the owner, Mr. Bourke, gave the amount to the local clergy to be distributed among the poor of the town.

The crop prospects around Ballinasloe are only fair to middling. The Tuam *News* has the following: "Except for butter, eggs and fowl, the Ballinasloe markets are almost nil. A few butts of old potatoes fully realizing Mr. T. D. Sullivan's description:

Alas, the poor old spuds are gone,
Black and blue they turned completely,
Out of every ten, not one
Could mortal man make use of lately.

realized 10½ per stone, and for the new ones, which were selling at 1d a lb, they did not realize the bard's description of them, for they were not "fitting food for Lords and ladies." The potatoes are late this year, but the prospect looks good. Not so of oats as a rule. In old tillage fields the yellow army completely overcame the green, and when these fell off the "sogers" took their place, so that between the two, prasha and red heads, the crop is ruined in many places."

At Wicklow assizes, Thomas Doyle, 30 years of age, who had been employed for a long period as a laborer, at 4s per week, by a widow named Haughton, on her farm, was indicted for the abduction of her daughter, aged 16. It appeared that on Sunday, Doyle having gone apparently to mass as usual, and Miss Haughton to church, they eloped, and he brought her on a visit to the house of some of his relatives in the Devil's Glen, where she was found next day and brought home. The prisoner was acquitted. At the same assizes, a little servant girl, named Julia Murphy, 12 years old, who had been in the service of a Mr. Thomas Driver, at Toorboy, near Hacketstown, was indicted for attempting to poison the whole family by putting corrosive sublimate in the tea. Large quantities of poison were kept in the house for the purpose of sheep dipping, and the accused was alleged to have admitted that she had put the poison in the tea in order to poison a gentleman who was breakfasting with the family that morning. She was acquitted of attempting to murder, but not discharged, as it is said she will be tried on the charge of dangering life.

Seizures have been again made in Tipperary in satisfaction of the claim for the amount of Mr. Wm. O'Brien's recognizances. The pony and trap of Mr. John Bourke, Ballykisteen, were seized on the public street.

At Wicklow assizes, in the case of Daniel Hanlon, charged with the murder of Mrs. Lyons, the jury disagreed. At Cork, the two pensioners who threw paraffin on a man in a public house and set him on fire with a match, were sentenced to six months' imprisonment.

A branch of the Irish National Foresters was established in Waterford recently. Mr. Thomas Byrne was elected chief ranger; Mr. Daniel Foran, sub-chief ranger, and Mr. Kelly, secretary. The other officers were also appointed, and about sixty members were initiated.

At the Cork assizes, James Walsh was acquitted of the charge of the wilful murder of Thomas Doyle in the docks of Limerick, in February last.

Mr. Edward O'Reilly, rate collector, Drogheda, died suddenly on July 18.

Bre'r Fox, M. P., and his brush (long may it wave!) arrived in Queenstown recently. Says the Cork *Herald*, apropos of the Fox's arrival in Queenstown:

From French's Grove to Kitchen Cove
We'll hunt this Fox along the rocks,
And if we catch him at Ballybrassil
We'll clip his brush, his sword and tassel,
And skin him alive from head and shoulders,
And leave him a spectacle to all beholders.

The famous Hill of Tara was the scene of a vast gathering recently. Under the auspices of the Irish Antiquarian and Historical Society, an immense concourse of visitors took the opportunity of the pilgrimage to spend the day in this classic city of Erin.

A man named Martin was arrested recently on the charge of assaulting a Catholic named Curran, on the occasion of the Orange demonstration at Rostrevor. The injured man's life is considered to be in danger. Martin was brought up at the Newry petty sessions and remanded, bail being refused.

A representative meeting of the men of East Tyrone and South Derry was held at the Old Cross, Ardboe, recently, in support of the leadership of Mr. Parnell. Contingents were present from Stewartstown, Coalisland, Coagh and Clonoe. Mr. Alexander Blane, M. P., accompanied by Mr. Michael McGinn, Omagh, drove from Stewartstown to the meeting. On the motion of Mr. Alexander Blane, M. P., seconded by Mr. Francis O'Neill, Ardboe, Mr. James Devlin, Killywoolaghan, took the chair, and delivered a spirited speech. Mr. Blane, who was warmly received, dwelt upon the bad faith of the Whig party, who want to oust Mr. Parnell, while at the same time they are putting forward Sir. Charles Dilke for the Forest of Dean division.

A cardriver named Michael Grogan was charged at the Ennis petty sessions with having loaded firearms in his possession while under the influence of drink, and also with having loaded firearms in a proclaimed district. He was remanded, and admitted to bail.

A large meeting of Unionists was held in Monaghan recently, for the purpose of selecting a candidate to contest the seat at the next general election. The Right Rev. Dr. Stack, bishop of Clogher, presided. Captain, the Hon Peter Westenra, brother of Lord Rossmore, was selected.

The Most Rev. Dr. MacCormack, bishop of Galway, has raised to the pastorate of Kilbeacanty, Rev. Father O'Farrell, Adm., Lisconnor, county Clare, in room of the late Rev. Father Staunton.

Rev. Father Conroy, C. C., has been promoted to the administratorship of Lisconnor.

Rev. Father Keely, Jr., has been appointed C C. to the Very Rev. Father Fahy, V. G., of Gort.

The Most Rev. Dr. McGivern, bishop of Dromore, has appointed the Rev. Dr. McConville, Adm., Newry, to the charge of Lower Dromgooland parish, Gargory, near Castlewellen, rendered vacant by the death of Father Patrick McCartan, P. P.

At the Enniscorthy petty sessions, on July 13, Patrick Leary and John Murphy were returned for trial to the assizes on the charge of having, on the night of July 3, thrown vitriol on a girl named Johanna Kavanagh, at the bridge. Laurence Byrne, a companion of the accused, turned witness for the prosecution.

At the Tralee assizes, in the record court, before Justice O'Brien, the appeal of Ellen Mangan vs John Murphy, was heard. The plaintiff who is the daughter of a farmer residing at a place called Droum, near Killorglin, the defendent being a farmer residing at the same place, was the appellant in the case, and sought to recover from the defendant a sum of £500 for breach of promise of marriage. The case was heard before Judge Curran at the Tralee quarter sessions, but Judge Curran held that as there was no corroboration of the promise of marriage, he could not let the case go to the jury. Additional evidence was then produced, that of plaintiff's mother, who proved to hearing defendant admitting that he was going to marry the plaintiff. Justice O'Brien gave a decree for £100 damages, and advised defendant to marry plaintiff.

The Sarsfield celebration which has become an annual event in Limerick, is fixed to take place this year on August 16. Mr. John Redmond, M. P., has been invited to deliver the address of the day.

At Listowel, on July 16, three young men, named Patrick Keaffe, Nicholas Kane, of Meenovoghane, and Dennis Curtain, Knockbrack, were charged before Mr. H. H. Turner, R. M., with having, on March 20, unlawfully entered the dwelling house of Philip Scannell, of Meenovoghane, and by force and violence taken therefrom a six chamber revolver. The prisoners, who had been arrested the previous day by the Broosna police, were remanded for further examination.

At the Tralee assizes, Jeremiah Naughton, who pleaded guilty to the manslaughter of his brother, Matthew, at Tralee, on May 7, was sentenced to one month's imprisonment.

The Very Rev. Canon L. J. O'Neill, P. P., Clones, has begun the erection of a new church. The structure will be of Gothic design.

Smuggling on a large scale, by vessels trading from Rolland, has been discovered near Skibbereen.

The county Cork grand jury awarded £1,000 compensation to a policeman for injuries he had received from a body of militiamen at Whitegate, county Cork, one of whom he was trying to arrest.

The only distinct effect of Brer Fox, M. P.'s. sly visit to the United States, is a decided vulpine aroma.

Mrs. M. E. Nolan, relict of the late John Nolan, Esq., Deelsview, Crossmolina, died recently.

In the words of the poetess: "Willy, Willy O'Brien is once more out under the fresh air."

A curious case of alleged manslaughter was tried at the Mayo assizes. Patrick Reilly pleaded not guilty to the charge of having killed Mrs. McDermott, of Castlebar. The prisoner, who had a reputation for curing cancer, had applied a plaster to the deceased, who was suffering from that malady. Medical evidence showed that the deceased suffered from arsenical poisoning, absorbed from the plaster. The jury brought in a verdict of "guilty of negligence," which the judge refused to accept, as it required gross negligence to substantiate a charge of manslaughter. The jury retired, and after long deliberation, being unable to agree, were discharged.

A young man named Hunt died at the Leper Hospital, Waterford, rather suddenly. The deceased lived at Kilbarry.

On July 14, a young man named John Kinsella met with a terrible death at Ballycussen, near Mallow. Kinsella, who was a laborer, was in charge of a horse, and was returning from the river with a large barrel of water when the horse became restive and drew the cart and barrel on a small eminence, when the barrel, cart and horse overturned, crushing Kinsella to death.

On July 12, John Mulcahy, shopkeeper, Watergrassmill, succumbed to injuries received from a fall off the top of a loaded cart a few evenings previous. The wheel of the cart passed over his head, crushing it in a frightful manner. He was unable to speak, and when medical aid arrived it was found that he was beyond hope. He leaves a widow and two children.

From the census returns it would appear that the population of Nenagh township, on April 5 last, was 4,723, of which there were 255 more women than men. A Nenagh poetess sends forth the following lamentation through the columns of our Tory contemporary, the Nenagh *Guardian*:

Three hundred nearly, we languish yearly,
And curse the stars for our single fate,
While sourly moping, through life we groping,
With never a chance to get a mate!
Though style and dressing, and every blessing
On faithful lovers we would bestow,
And we'd never refuse them, for fear we'd lose them,
If they would ask us—I'm sure we'd go!

Adieu to pleasure! the thoughts I treasure
Are twice as dark as the midnight's gloom,
While love and lightness, and joy and brightness
In my lone bosom can find no room.
Maid-stricken Nenagh! I soon will leave you
And seek a home in the wilds of Clare,
Where tears of sorrow my cheeks will furrow,
Bemoaning pleasures I must not share!

The young lady should take courage, for although the crop of young men is a failure, we are reliably informed that there is an excellent prospect of a splendid potato crop around Nenagh.

ATHLETIC NEWS AND NOTES.

Gaelic Sports in Chicago.

Quite a large crowd attended the football games between the O'Connells and O'Briens and the Innisfails and Emeralds at the park at Wood and Polk streets last Sunday afternoon. In the first half the O'Briens scored two points. In the second the O'Connells scored a point, after which the umpire reversed his decision on a foul, and the remainder of the half hour was consumed in wrangling over the decision. The O'Connells will appeal to the council of the Gaelic Athletic Association in the matter, and the game will probably be replayed.

The Innisfails, who have not lost a game, continued their good work by defeating the Emeralds 5 to 1. It was the Emeralds' second game since their organization in May, and their friends had good cause to be proud of their play.

Gaelic Athletics in Ireland.

A large crowd of spectators assembled at Clonturk park to witness the football matches which the County Dublin Committee had arranged. The first match lay between the Ben Edars and Young Irelands, and, after an exciting and brilliant contest, the latter were declared the winners by 9 points to nil. The match between the Cavan Slashers and Isles of the Sea (ex champions of Dublin) created an unusually large amount of interest, and the Ulstermen quite surprised everyone by their dashing and scientific play. It was admitted on all sides that the Cavan men were one of the best teams that ever visited the metropolis, and, with further experience, the Slashers would take a really crack team to lower their colors. In being defeated by 1 goal as against 3 points, the Cavan men were somewhat unfortunate. Under more favorable circumstances the result might have been entirely different.

The Cork Nil Desperandums defeated the Midleton footballers after a hard and tough fight.

A convention of the Gaelic Association was held in the pillar room of the Rotunda, Dublin. Delegates from various parts of the country, to the number of about 150 attended. Mr. P. J. Kelly, of Galway, president of the association, occupied the chair. The proceedings were private, but at the close of the convention it was announced that the following resolution had been passed unanimously: "That this convention is resolved to support the policy of independent opposition and freedom of opinion under the independent leadership of Charles Stewart Parnell." Several resolutions regarding the Gaelic Athletic rules and the organization of the association were also passed.

Base Ball.

NATIONAL LEAGUE.

Following is the standing of the various clubs in the race for the National League pennant for the week ending Aug. 5:

	Games played.	Won.	Lost.	Per cent.
Chicagos	86	51	35	.593
Bostons	83	48	35	.578
New Yorks	78	45	33	.577
Philadelphias	84	41	43	.488
Clevelands	87	42	45	.483
Brooklyns	81	39	44	.470
Cincinnatis	87	36	51	.414
Pittsburgs	84	34	50	.405

AMERICAN ASSOCIATION.

	Games played.	Won.	Lost	Per cent.
Bostons	90	60	30	.667
St. Louis	93	60	33	.645
Baltimores	86	50	36	.581
Philadelphias	88	45	43	.511
Columbus	91	45	46	.495
Cincinnatis	90	41	49	.456
Washingtons	85	28	57	.329
Louisvilles	95	31	64	.326

CHICAGO CITY LEAGUE.

Following is the standing of the City League clubs up to date:

	Games played.	Won.	Lost.	Per cent.
Garden Citys	13	9	4	.692
Whitings	12	8	4	.667
Rivals	12	6	6	.500
West Ends	12	6	6	.500
Brands	12	4	8	.333
Franklins	13	4	9	.308

The games last Sunday resulted as follows: Garden Citys 18, Rivals 16. West Ends 7, Brands 0. Whitings 13, Franklins 6.

PERSONAL.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph P. Dunne, No. 37 Clifton avenue, Lake View, were made happy recently by the birth of a pretty little daughter.

W. J. Coughlin is moving into his new house on North High street. The house is fitted up with all the latest improvements and modern conveniences.—*Middletown (Conn.) Press.* Mr. Coughlin is a prominent citizen of Middletown, and a sincere Irish Nationalist. THE CITIZEN congratulates him on his good fortune.

The Parent of Insomnia.

The parent of insomnia or wakefulness is in nine cases out of ten a dyspeptic stomach. Good digestion gives sound sleep, indigestion interferes with it. The brain and stomach sympathizes. One of the prominent symptoms of a weak state of the gastric organs is a disturbance of the great nerve entrepot, the brain. Invigorate the stomach, and you restore equilibrium to the great centre. A most reliable medicine for the purpose is Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, which is far preferable to mineral sedatives and powerful narcotics which, though they may for a time exert a soporific influence upon the brain, soon cease to act, and invariably injure the tone of the stomach. The Bitters, on the contrary, restore activity to the operations of that all important organ, and their beneficent influence is reflected in sound sleep and a tranquil state of the nervous system. A wholesome impetus is likewise given to the action of the liver and bowels by its use.

A GRAND COMBINATION.

Fast Time, Perfect Comfort, Absolute Safety.

These are the inducements offered the traveling public by the Chicago, St. Paul & Kansas City Railway, one of the youngest and beyond dispute one of the best railways upon the continent. Its Vestibuled Compartment Sleeping Cars, run on through trains, are marvels of elegance, and add to beauty and luxury perfect ventilation, making them the most desirable at all seasons of the year. The Dining Car service is fully up to the best standard, and the entire equipment of the trains of this road is new. W. R. Busenbark, General Passenger and Ticket Agent, Chicago, Ill.

A Model Railway.

The Burlington Route, C., B. & Q. R. R. operates 7,000 miles of road, with termini in Chicago, St. Louis, St. Paul, Omaha, Kansas City and Denver. For speed, safety, comfort, equipment, track, and efficient service it has no equal. The Burlington gains new patrons, but loses none.

T. Shea, Merchant Tailor

No. 184 East Madison street, fine custom suits at reasonable prices; also uniforms for all organizations.

Something Interesting to Every Family

It is a fact well known to economists that more money is squandered in baking bread in a year than would pay half the rent. When you count up the cost of flour and its waste, fuel and other ingredients, families will soon discover that it is losing money. Families of workingmen will find it much cheaper to go to your grocer and buy Bremner's "Eureka" Bread. This bread is made from the very best Minnesota flour and pure milk from his own farm. Special attention is given to the bread ordinance, and every loaf has its full weight, and at the cost of six cents per loaf.

TO AND FROM CHICAGO to Europe in seven days via the New York and Boston Limited—Lake Shore Route. For rates, sailings, etc., on any of the "Ocean Greyhounds," write or address J. D. O'Leary, Lake Shore office, No. 66 South Clark street, Sherman House.

H. R. EAGLE

AT HALF COST.

A SPONGE

As large as your head for.....5 cents
A Medium Sized Sponge for.....3 cents
A Small Sized Sponge for.....2 cents

A Large Chamois Skin

For 10 Cents.

2,000 Bottles Genuine Imported Hunyadi Water

Per bottle 10 Cents.

A 3 lb Can Yellow Table Peaches for	15 cents
A 2 lb Can Preserve Raspberries for	6 cents
4 800 Cakes Fine Toilet Soap, each	2 cents
Marechal Niel Toilet Soap, 3 cakes in box, per box	19 cents
Two Good Mouse Traps for	1 cent
A 6 lb Box Best Laundry Starch for	29 cents
A Good Dauber for Shoe Brush, each	2 cents
A Good Scrub Brush for	4 cents
A Folding Yard Measure for	1 cent
12 Good Pen Holders for	2 cents
Henry Clay Cigars, a good smoker and makes a nice white ash, each	1 cent
Newsboy Plug Tobacco, per lb	18 cents
Mixed Bird Seed, per package	3 cents

LAUNDRY SOAP.

	PER CAKE.	PER BOX.
New York Olean Soap, 80 bars	2 cents	$1 60
Cream City Savon, 72 bars	2½ cents	1.75
Kirk's Standard Family, 75 bars	3 cents	2.19
Fairbank's German Mottled, 72 bars	4 cents	2.65
Kirk's Savon Imperial, 60 bars	4 cents	2 40
This soap is 2 years old.		
James S. Kirk's "Standard" Soap, 60 bars	4 cents	2 34
DeMoines Royal Savon Soap, 60 bars	4 cents	2 39
Fairbank's Best Family, 60 bars	5 cents	2.89
Fairbank's Best Family, 20 bars	5 cents	.97
Fairbank's Santa Claus, 100 bars	4½ cents	4 25
James S. Kirk's American Family, 60 bars	5½ cents	3 24
Werks' German Mottled Soap, 60 bars	5 cents	2 89
The only Pure Red Oil Soap made.		

We have just opened a very complete Cracker Department. These goods are fresh every day, and we have the most complete assortment in town, among which you will find:

Best XXX Soda Crakers, per lb	5 cents
Best Graham Crackers, per lb	9 cents
Best Oat Meal Crackers, per lb	9 cents
XXX Ginger Snaps, per lb	9 cents
XXX Lemon Snaps, per lb	13 cents
Vanilla Squares, per lb	13 cents
Cocoanut Sponge Fing, per lb	13 cents
Leb. Kuchen, per lb	15 cents
Fruit Creams, per lb	12 cents
El Dorados, per lb	14 cents
Marquette Bars, per lb	15 cents
Berlins, per lb	11 cents
Assorted Jumbles, per lb	13 cents
Lakeside Cakes, per lb	12 cents

PICNIC AND LUNCH GOODS.

A large can Mustard Sardines for	8 cents
American Sardines in Oil, per can	4 cents
A 2 lb can Corn Beef for	17 cents
A 2 lb can Roast Beef for	19 cents
A 2 lb can Roast Lamb for	19 cents
Barataria Shrimps, per can	21 cents
Kippered Herring, per can	21 cents
A 1 lb can Salmon for	9 cents
A 1 lb can Best Quality Lobsters	21 cents
A 3 lb can Mackerel in Mustard	23 cents
English Style Pint Pickles	30 cents
English Style Quart Pickles	35 cents
1 lb cans Cove Oysters	8 cents
A 2 lb can Cove Oysters	16 cents
A 27 ounce bottle Spanish Olives	25 cents
C. & B. Raspberry Jam, per jar	19 cents

H. R. EAGLE & CO. -196- BEST MINNESOTA PATENT MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.

H. R. Eagle & Co.'s "Best" Minnesota Pat. Flour, pr brl..$5.78

Our "Best" Patent Flour is made exclusively for us by one of the best mills of Minnesota. It is made from selected No. 1 hard wheat, and we will guarantee it to be the finest flour in the market and to please every time.

H. R. Eagle & Co.'s "Best" Minnesota Patent Flour in bags.

25-lb Bags, each.....72 cents
50-lb Bags, each.....$1.42

140-lb Cloth Bags (which is the way that flour is generally packed for European shipment), each.....$3.89

Superlative Patent Flour, per brl.....$5.58
Finest St. Louis Winter Wheat Flour, per brl.....$5.28

COFFEE OUR AFTER-DINNER JAVA COFFEE AT.....25 cents per lb
Is the cheapest and best Coffee in the city. Many thousands of our customers will speak of its excellence.

H. R. EAGLE & CO.,

GROCERS, 68 & 70 WABASH-AV.

LATEST IRISH DEATHS.

MURPHY—At Grange Con, county Wicklow, Patrick Murphy, aged 78 years.

O'MARA—July 12, at No. 11 Friar's Walk, Cork, Kate O'Mara, wife of John D. O'Mara, of Hollybank road, Drumcondra, county Dublin.

BRENNAN—July 12, at Clonpierce cottages, Ballylinan, Queen's county, James Brennan.

MCHUGH—July 4, at Ballybane, near Headford, John McHugh, aged 59 years.

COMMINS—July 4, at Lakefield, county Mayo, John Commins, aged 82 years.

LENIHAN—July 10, at Bishop street, Tuam, John Lenihan.

JOYCE—At the Ursaline convent, Greenwich, Louisa, daughter of the late Walter Joyce, Curgary House, Menlough, aged 17 years.

CONNOR—July 20, at Ballybohill, Alice, wife of John Connor, aged 60 years.

GANNON—July 14, at Strokestown, Kate M., eldest daughter of Patrick Gannon, Caldra, Elphin, county Roscommon, aged 19 years.

KAVANAGH—At No 2 Hanover lane, Dublin, Charles Kavanagh.

HUNTER—July 17, at Ardagh, Riverstown, county Sligo, William Hunter, aged 70 years.

MCDERMOTT—July 18, at Corlis, Castlerea, county Roscommon, John McDermott, late of No. 82 Ballybough road, Dublin.

REILLY—July 18, at Drogheda, Edward Reilly, aged 61 years.

HANBERY—July 21, at the Hospice for the Dying, Haroldscross, Bridget Hanbery.

HOGAN—July 21, at Castlecoote, Roscommon, Sarah wife of Robert Hogan.

QUINLAN—July 23, at Suirmount, Clonmel, P. Quinlan, aged 62 years.

COSTELLO—July 18, at the Convent of the Good Shepherd, Arno's Vale, Bristol, sister Mary of St. Edward (Costello), formerly of No. 1 Island road, Enniscorthy, county Wexford, aged 82 years.

Have we any truly great men at the present day? Some doubt it, and ask to be shown the modern Washington, Franklin, or Webster. However this may be, of one thing we are sure, there never was a greater blood purifier than Ayer's Sarsaparilla.

That tired feeling is entirely overcome by Hood's Sarsaparilla, which creates an appetite, rouses the liver, cures headache, and gives renewed strength and vigor to the whole body. Be sure to get Hood's Sarsaparilla, which is peculiar to itself. Sold by all druggists.

To Colorado via Burlington Route.

Only one night on the road. Leave Chicago at 1:00 p. m., or St. Louis at 8:25 a. m., and arrive at Denver at 6:15 p. m. the next day. Through Sleepers, Chair Cars and Dining Cars. All Railways from the East connect with these trains and with similar trains via Burlington Route to Denver, leaving Chicago at 6:10 p. m., St. Louis at 8:15 p. m., and Peoria at 3:20 p. m., and 8:00 p. m. All trains daily. Tourist tickets are now on sale, and can be had of ticket agents of all roads and at Burlington Route depots in Chicago, Peoria and St. Louis. There is no better place than Colorado for those seeking rest and pleasure.

DAISY DREAMING.

Ah, what do you dream about,
Blue eyed princess mine,
While the golden stars without
On your slumber shine?

Do you hear the angels sing
Some celestial rhyme?
Do you hear the bluebells ring
In a silver chime?

Do you see the fairies dance
On the circled grass?
Do you see Titania glance
Where the moonbeams pass?

Such a smile is on your face
That I well might guess
Fairyland shows you its grace,
Heav'n its happiness!

—Once a Week.

STORY OF A MINE.

BOULDER, Colo., June 24.—The "lost vein" has been found. It consists of a 6-inch streak of almost solid silver, glance and brittle silver, estimated to run from $15,000 to $25,000 in value per ton. It was found by Fred Albright and Winslow Carlisle, and undoubtedly is the famous "lost vein." For twenty years prospectors have searched for this vein, and thousands of dollars have been spent in the quest.

That is the plain news statement of fact, but back of it range the incidents of one of the most pathetic love stories ever written. Some time, when that state of marvels shall produce its poet or its scribe, the tale of the "lost vein" will be embalmed in song or story that shall captivate all ears.

Amos Albright went to Denver in the '60s, and left his wife and boys on the farm in Illinois. He knew nothing of mining, but found himself after all as well equipped as hundreds of others who had dared the mountains, and tempted fate right at the margin of eternal snows. There was no such town as Boulder at that time, and he drifted with the rest of the fortune hunters into the whirl at Denver. It was then a mining camp more than a city, and there were twice as many tents as solid buildings in the town. There were three drinking places to one store, and gambling places were out of all proportion to hotels. But Amos was a sensible fellow and saved at least a part of his money.

But the air of the mountains was trying on the lungs of the men from Illinois, and Amos Albright found his vigor failing. The first symptoms of decay was a weakness and lassitude that would have seemed like ague only that there was no aching and no fever. And here, when he first needed help, he found it refused him. He had lost his nerve, they said, and that was the one unpardonable sin of a mining town. As long as a man could smile and swear and drink a little he could call friends about him and could get assistance in the furthering of any scheme. As soon as he came with faltering hand and dimming eye they passed him impatiently. They "hated to see a man weaken."

Albright thought of the woman at home, of the boys who needed him and the creditors who were troubling. He mourned for the chances he had passed disdainfully when he was stronger. He crept to the postoffice after the rush was over and wonderingly waited to see if the weekly stage had brought him a letter. It did, and the letter told of the darkening troubles at his home. The crops had failed, the season was bad, the rush of the war period had made money more valuable, and George Carlisle demanded a return of his loan. "He threatens to foreclose and turn us off the place," wrote Mrs. Albright. "He says worse things than that to me. I am doing the best I can for you and the boys, but it does seem dark ahead. Maybe it would be better if you were here, even if you did not bring much money."

That letter ground in Amos Albright's heart. He knew what the "worse things" were. He knew George Carlisle, and knew that man had been a suitor for Mary's hand before she married. He knew the fellow, spite of marriage, was so characterless as to still pursue with attentions the woman who had wedded Albright. But Carlisle was rich, and there had seemed no better way than borrow the money from him. Now that war had broken out he felt the rush of feeling which led men into the ranks, and he believed his wife would be more carefully guarded by the loyal friends if he were absent in the army than if he were here gold hunting in the Rockies. If he only had the money!

He brooded over it and worried and hoped and planned till he became a ghostly creature, shunned by his fellows and out of place in the town. He could get no backing, no "stake." No one had confidence in him when the appeal came so tremblingly. He sold half of his kit to a tenderfoot, bought grub enough to last him a week, and worked slowly out of the city to the north. As he passed out of town he met a train of new arrivals and they shouted to him the news of a victory at Gettysburg. He knew where that was, though he had not been following very closely the movements of the armies in these years when history was making. He knew where it was, for he was born there. There he grew to manhood. There he met Mary. There he married her. There he fought George Carlisle and vanquished him.

From there both he and later the Carlisles had come to Illinois. He knew the peaceful little Pennsylvania town, and realized how sore the danger was when rebel armies dared blacken the fair fields of that free state. And that consciousness—spite of the fact that his was a victory—brought him back again to his own trouble. It would only make the fortunes of debtors harder. George Carlisle would take the general cry for his own excuse to persecute Mary. It spurred him afresh, and he toiled all through the hot July day, far into the cold July night, past a hundred camps where wealth was pouring into waiting hands, or where want was chasing desperation over haggard faces. He slept in a little cleft in the rocks where some grass had deigned to grow and where the chill wind was partly broken from him. He rose in the morning with a consciousness that his lungs were failing, and he could not struggle on much longer. How he prayed for fortune!

Next day he came to the rugged hills beyond the timber line, beyond the camps, up in the mountains where mining seemed impossible. He turned from the trail and tried to find unbroken, undiscovered ground. He found it and began prospecting. Nothing but disappointment awaited him for days. He was growing weaker every hour. The pick was almost too heavy to lift. The food was gone, and he knew starvation or retreat was right before him. He had worked in a cleft between the bowlders nearly all day, and was sitting just at sundown on a heap of drift at the base of a giant rock. He was terribly tired and hungry. He was growing cold. He thought with a pang that was bitterer than death of the unsheltered heads back there on the prairie, and turned with a groan of surrender over on his face to die.

What was that? Silver! Not quartz not glance, but virgin ore. It lay like a ray of glory across the dull escarpment. It was broad as his hand in the middle, and dwindled away in wavering lines a yard in length. The man sat up and stared at it. He felt rich blood rushing through his veins. There was the strength of health in his arms. The pick was a toy—a plaything. He grudged the swiftly fading light and swung the steel as he never had done before. This was fortune.

He managed to work all night. He was not conscious of the passing hours further than to watch the moon and bless it for the help it brought. In the morning he had taken more ore than he could carry. He knew it was a true vein, and that such a fissure as that must extend a great distance. But the rock from which he took it was only a fragment from the massive hills. It was a matter of tons, of feet. They were mountains and miles. A vein like that, if he could find the spot in the bowlders from which this fragment was broken, would yield the richest fortune in Colorado.

He took his bearings, staked his claim, covered all signs of success and gathered up a load of metal. It was so pure he could cut it with a knife. He slung the burden on his shoulder and started back to Denver. At noon he rested in a camp of miners and they stopped work to look at him—he was so ghostly. But he had an independent, defiant air about him now, and they waited upon him. They made him eat dinner with them. He had not realized before how near he stood to starvation. After dinner he pressed on with long, impatient strides and reached Denver in the evening. His friends did not know him. He had a defiant, forceful air. He had good lodging and the best service obtainable. In the morning he purchased an outfit and plenty of food. A man loaned him a mule. "They wouldn't loan me anything a week ago," he said bitterly. He knew they looked at him as one who had "struck it." He remembered now that he looked enviously at just such figures. He felt a sort of enmity at the world, a feverish hatred of Carlisle. He hoped he might not break down till accounts were squared.

He went back to his claim and found it richer than he dreamed. In a week he had a packload of silver that was worth twenty-five dollars a pound. In a month he had enough for a train. And he had only found the beginning of the wealth. He had traced the fissure to its parent in the hill, and had satisfied himself of the richest find in Colorado. But there he broke down. He had just strength enough left to load the mules and start back. He was weakened with hemorrhage. He was blinded and staggering. He reached Denver leaning across one of the swaying animals and begging in God's name for assistance.

They took care of him then. He was a rich man. He was far more than that in their eyes. He was fortunate. But he tossed in a frenzy of excitement and called upon them to hurry him home. It would have been death to the man who stole a dollar. They made common cause of caring for him. He told them freely, without reserve, rapidly, where the vein could be found. He knew he could never come back and keep his claim. They struggled and fought for the privilege of buying. They asked no guarantee beyond what they saw. They knew he was telling the truth. Their purchase money was worth more than the ore he had brought away. He was hurried to the train. He was hurried home. He reached there unconscious.

Mary Albright had been bearing a heavy burden. She could not repay the money her husband had borrowed from Carlisle. She could not avoid understanding the horrible alternative offered her. She could not defend herself except by taking her boys out from under the only roof they had in the world. She did not hesitate in the choice. She only planned to postpone the evil day. She promised the money faithfully Sept. 1. In default she pledged a foreclosure dearer to George Carlisle than all the money in the world. July drifted into August, and August was burning away in the torrid rays of a sultry sun. George Carlisle rode past the Albright farm day after day. He watched his boy Winslow playing in the barn or in the woods with Fred, the eldest son of his prospective victim. He wondered why the lads were such inseparable companions, and thought of the enmity that had always been between their fathers.

Late in the month he walked across the fields and tried to enter the house. Mary met him at the door and warned him never to cross the threshold. He pushed his way into the house and she shot him.

That day the news came that Amos Albright had arrived, sick, and dying at the county town, ten miles away. His wife and children had fled from the house which could be a home to them no longer, and were hurrying to the station when the news met them. She knew that officers would overtake her, for whether or not her shot was fatal, it was too serious to be forgiven. She met her husband and drank her great soul full of his one caress, of his one kind pressure of pallid lips upon her own, and then laid him down contented. He never knew of her trouble.

People in the little Illinois town know to this day the persecution with which George Carlisle followed this heroic woman, knew that the money her husband brought her was dissipated in a fight he had not the manliness to abandon. And they also know the woman was escorted by half the population of the township back to the home made sacredly hers by the defense there of her honor, and that she was there protected by them against the slanders as well as the assaults of her enemy until he went at last—a tardy volunteer—into the army, and fell with Heaven's curse upon him in the very first fight of his life.

They know as well that the children of these families grew up together in love, unmarred by the strife of parents, and that between bold Fred Albright and Madeline Carlisle there was a bond the stronger for the stormy days of youth. And closer than David to Jonathan, nearer than Pythias to Damon drew the hearts and the lives of Fred and Winslow, the boys who played in the barn and the woods while poor, famishing Amos Albright was fighting death at the mouth of a mine.

When they were grown they went to Colorado together, and found a city where were barren rocks in war time. They found out then what all Colorado had known for years, that the Albright vein was lost. No man ever had found it. They knew he had told the truth. They found the silver he had cached, they followed his very footsteps down the trail; but in the insanity which must have come of weakness and excitement he had buried his treasure too well. One of the men followed the search, spent a fortune and abandoned it. When the boys came to Boulder three years ago they easily secured all rights, and began again the search the others had found so fatuous. Madeline, now for years the wife of Fred Albright, was left at home, smoothing the sunset road of Mary's life in the very house where George Carlisle had fallen wounded.

The boys worked together diligently and confidently. They knew they would find the "lost vein." Others said, "Hope you will; we couldn't." They never left the search for an hour, and never omitted an act that would assist them. Day after day, month after month, year after year, they hoped and labored, turning aside for no seductive smaller finds.

And at last they were rewarded. Right under the house in which they had lived, right down the center of a rock as broad and bald as an ocean billow, they found that rift; and it was filled with silver. How far down it runs no one can tell. How it may broaden or narrow no one knows. But tons and tons of the ore have already been taken out, and every ounce of it is worth a dollar.

And it is sacred coin to them, for every atom of it is hallowed by the blood and tears and hopes of a hero.—Chicago Herald.

The Subject of Eating.

Charles Lamb, kind hearted as he was, hated a man who could eat of dainties and affect not to know what he was swallowing. "I suspect his taste in higher matters," said Elia. "Some people," said Dr. Johnson one night at supper, which he was enjoying with uncommon satisfaction, "have a foolish way of not minding, or pretending not to mind, what they eat," and he added that a man who has no regard for his stomach will have no regard for anything else. Declarations of indifference to the choice of one's food, except in cases of what Liebig might call interior oxygenability of constitution, are generally the merest affectation—as much so as Byron's when he dined at Rogers' on a potato and a little vinegar, and was discovered immediately afterward stuffing himself with a luxurious meal at a restaurant.

What a contrast to the poet's affectation was Hazlitt's frankness, who did not hesitate to write to the woman of his "heart of heart" that he never loved her so well as when he thought of "sitting down with her to dinner on a boiled scragend of mutton and hot potatoes."—Professor William Matthews in Boston Traveller.

An Ant Funeral.

Mrs. Hutton gives this account of some ants which she saw in Sidney. Having killed a number of soldier ants, she returned in half an hour to the spot where she had left their dead bodies, and in reference to what she then observed, says:

I saw a large number of ants surrounding the dead ones. I determined to watch their proceedings closely. I followed four or five that started off from the rest toward a hillock a short distance off, in which was an ants' nest. This they entered, and in about five minutes they reappeared followed by others. All fell into rank, walked regularly and slowly two by two, until they arrived at the spot where lay the dead bodies of the soldier ants. In a few minutes two of the ants advanced and took up the dead body of one of their comrades, then two others, and so on, till all were ready to march.

First walked two ants carrying a body, then two without a burden, then two others with another dead ant, and so on until the line extended about forty pairs; and the procession now moved slowly onward, followed by an irregular body of about 200 ants.—School and Home.

The Royal Pet of an English Regiment.

The Royal Warwickshire has an antelope for a badge and an antelope for a regimental pet, and the latter is as much prized and petted by the officers and men of the Sixth as are "Her Majesty's Goats" by the Welsh Fusiliers. The antelope—"Billy," as he is named—always heads his battalion when marching past, he being led by two smart little drummers. Billy's horns are tipped with silver, and his neck is encircled with a handsome silver collar having two silver chains, one on each side, for his conductors to lead him. On grand occasions Billy wears a body cloth of royal blue edged with gold lace and embroidered at the corners with the badges and "honors" of the regiment.—London Art Journal.

COLD MILK IN THE CITY.

HOW "MILK SHAKES" AND NICE BUTTERMILK ARE SWALLOWED.

An Everyday Picture of a Popular Drinking Place in New York—People Who Patronize the "Milk Shake" Man. How Men Drink Their Liquids.

Every day at exactly the same hour he drives up with his contented looking horse and low bodied, red painted wagon to a spot within ten feet of the statue on Park row and opens for business. If it's a cool day he may wait long for a customer, but if it's sultry the wheels have hardly ceased turning when he is surrounded by a thirsty crowd and is flurried with orders of:

"One buttermilk!"

"Gimme a shake!"

"Phosphate in mine!"

"Sweet milk—quick!"

There are seven milk shake wagons located at different points within a quarter of a mile of the city hall, and the business is a large and growing one. Each has a permit to occupy a special location, and an intruder would find a warm reception if he attempted to crowd in.

A stranger looks upon it as a queer business. A resident might wonder how they do business at all, with so many soda fountains buzzing all around them. The ice cream trade comes from the boys. There isn't a man in all New York, well dressed or ragged, who dares stand on the curb and scoop a cent's worth of yellow ice cream out of a tiny tumbler with his tongue, as the boys do, to say nothing about "licking the glass" after the solid has disappeared. It is different with the milk shake business.

WHEN MEN DRINK.

Let your collar begin to "lop," the perspiration to trickle down behind your ears, and your cuffs to grow limpey, and nine men out of ten will think of a glass of cold milk before anything else. There is a never ending tide of humanity passing between that wagon and the figure in bronze on its stone pedestal. Half of them are thirsty. Half of them smack their lips as they think of the treat offered at their elbows.

Now see how curious human nature is. It takes a bit of nerve to detach yourself from the crowd and stand up to the wagon and quaff your drink. You half turn, hesitate, go on, and are vexed with yourself for lack of moral courage. A dozen others go through the same performance after you. Then comes a man who doesn't care a copper for public opinion, and he turns in and says:

"Milk shake, eh? Gimme one, and have it cold!"

And from a milkcan as clean as tin can be kept the man dips out a big half pint of milk as fresh and pure as you would find it in the farmhouse cellar, pours it into a tumbler, adds strawberry or other flavoring, and claps on a cover and places it under the agitator. A dozen turns of the crank and it is "bobbed" until thoroughly mixed, and he rakes in your nickel and hands you something which goes right to the spot and causes you to whisper to yourself: "Ah, me! But that does me good!"

And sheeplike the crowd has followed you, and a score of men and boys and office girls are ranged along the wagon and holding their nickels aloft. Buttermilk has the first call, perhaps because it is only three cents a glass, but the milk shake is the old standby and winning new customers every day. It is solid from top to bottom. There is no froth to blow off. The powdered cinnamon or nutmeg gives it an agreeable flavor, and you hang on to the last swallow in a grudging sort of way never known even to sweet cider.

HOW MEN DRINK.

The milk shake man knows the public demands cleanliness and purity, and he complies. He knows that men are hurried, and he's lightning in his movements. And he's a bit of philosopher too. When I was talking with him the other day he said:

"If I wanted to study the different phases of human nature I'd watch the people right here. Out of fifty no two act alike while they drink. You can very often guess at a man's profession by the way he empties his glass, and it is also pretty easy to tell where he hails from.

"I've seen a Kentuckian empty that glass at three swallows, and I've known a Canadian to be ten minutes getting away with it. A broker makes about five gulps to get to the bottom of the glass. A lawyer or doctor takes a swallow and then stops to think. A reporter will drink half and then stop to jot down something, and so it goes.

"No one can be mistaken in a farmer. You can hear the liquid go clurg! clurg! clurg! as it strikes his Adam's apple, and when he reaches the end of the string he planks the glass down with one hand, wipes off his mouth with the back of the other and declares:

"'Say! I'll be gaul-darned if that ain't gosh-fired good!'"—New York World.

Nests in Queer Places.

In the journal of the Bombay Natural History society Lieutenant H. E. Barnes gives some interesting particulars about the house sparrows of western India. At Deessa he found that a pair had built their nest in the antlers of a sambur in the veranda. Another pair had appropriated a soap box in the bathroom, and although their nest was destroyed several times they persisted in building a fresh one till they were left alone out of compassion.

A third pair actually built in a deserted bird cage hanging against the wall, and there they reared their brood, in spite of the fact that the cage was often taken down and shown to visitors. Once the eggs were stolen and the birds made such a fuss as led the residents to find them. Lieutenant Barnes also states that these sparrows attack their own image in a looking glass, and will fight it all day long, "only leaving off when darkness sets in, to begin the battle next day." It was found necessary to cover up the mirrors.—Manchester Times.

Confession Bad for the Pocket.

This isn't exactly a moral story, but it is one a well known and highly respectable resident of St. Louis told with a good deal of relish the other day. "When I was a boy I had the prettiest notions about confessing a fault, never telling a lie, and all that sort of thing. One day I threw a rock carelessly and it broke a large pane of glass in the college building.

"Nobody saw me. I could have escaped without detection, but after reviewing all my Sunday school precepts it occurred to me that the grand and noble course for me to pursue would be to call at once upon the president and tell him how I had accidentally broken the window pane. It was a brilliant resolution, and as I started toward the president's office I could almost hear him say: "Brave boy, your manly conduct is worth a dozen panes of college glass. Go thy way, my son, and be more careful in the future." The president was a stern, dignified man, and I approached him with a great display of humility:

"'Mr. President,' said I, 'I broke a pane of glass just now, but I didn't go to do it.'

"'What's that?' he thundered, laying down his book and freezing me with a look. 'You did what?'

"'Broke a pane of glass in the chapel, sir.'

"'You did? Well, young man, you bring $1.75 with you tomorrow morning to pay for it, or I'll send the bill to your father. Understand that, sir?'

"'Ye-ye-yes, sir,' I faltered.

"You bet I understood it. It meant another humiliating confession at home and a possible thrashing for my carelessness. But it taught me a lesson. The next time I broke a window glass I ran like a turkey and let the durned old college find out who did it. And they never caught me on another $1.75 either."—Exchange.

Examples from the Bible.

The late lamented Bishop Kavanaugh, of the Methodist church, who was as ugly as eloquent and as jolly as good, never tired of telling stories about his distinguished but unfortunate friend, Tom Marshall, of Kentucky. The two men were warm personal friends, notwithstanding the striking antithesis of character and the not less striking difference in personal appearance. Marshall was handsome and commanding.

The bishop was anything but handsome; he was about as trim as a barrel and graceful as a sack of salt. This explanation is necessary for a proper appreciation of what follows, but when the great divine used to tell the story he would bring out the application by incidentally stroking the wealth of shapelessness that hung to his person like the ill fitting garments he wore.

One calm June evening the bishop was disturbed by a noise in the direction of the barn. He groped his way thither and found Marshall in the hay loft, where he had sought shelter and lodging. Tenderly the son of misfortune was escorted to the best room in the bishop's house and induced to go to bed in civilized fashion. Between prodigious efforts to get off his clothes, his brain and tongue partially recovered their cunning, and he said:

"Kav, do you know why you and I make a good illustration of Bible history?"

The bishop replied as he would to a questioning child, "No, Tom. Why?"

"Well," said Marshall reverently and pathetically, "the Saviour was without where to lay his head. That's me. Then, in the beginning, the Bible says, the world was without form and void." And surveying critically the bishop's pudgy stature, he finished with more vehemence than romance:

"By the gods, that's you!"—Galveston News.

Who Owns the Most Lace?

The man who has charge of the lace department in one of the principal retail houses over on State street has been rolling in lace, metaphorically, until he has at the end of his fingers and on the tip of his tongue every fact in connection with that delicate fabric. For instance, he says, what every women wants to know first, of course, that a woman living in the city of Mexico has the most valuable collection of lace in the country, the same being $800,000. The women folks of the Vanderbilt family consider theirs worth $500,000.

The latter collection contains rare laces from Belgium, Germany and Austria. The former, of rare bits from every celebrated maker and of fragments once owned by every royal family in Europe. The Astor family estimate their laces to be worth $300,000. Mrs. A. T. Stewart estimated hers at $200,000. Mrs. Vice President Morton considers hers worth $100,000. Mrs. August Belmont, Mrs. Marshall O. Roberts and Mrs. ex-Secretary Whitney have costly and rare collections in lace. In Chicago there are no very large collections, but many are very rare.—Chicago Tribune.

Never Name Their Town.

When you hear a man say, "I'm going to the city," you may know that he lives here in Oakland. When he says that he has been "down to the bay," you can bet on his rural residence. When he calls it "San Francisco" he is a globe trotter from foreign parts, used to such polysyllables as Seringapatam and Pondicherry. But when you hear a temporary chap, with a yellow grip and a plaid overcoat, talk about "'Frisco," you are safe in locating his nativity and lifelong residence in Boston. The San Franciscan himself never mentions the name of his town if he can avoid it.—Oakland (Cal.) Times.

Higher Chimneys for Steamships.

A departure in obtaining extra draft for furnaces on steamships without the use of blowers or other devices has been successfully tried on the Scot of the Cape mail line. This vessel has been furnished with smokestacks 120 feet high above the grates. The increased draft is equivalent to a water pressure of three-fourths of an inch. The vessel's speed is nineteen knots.—New York Times.

AN EXCITING BATTLE.

In Which a Young Bull Succeeds in Vanquishing a Rhinoceros.

"Speaking of exciting combats," said Colonel Gregory, of New York, to a group of his friends here, "I witnessed one about ten years ago that beat anything I aver saw. When a mere schoolboy I was taught that the 'backleyers, as the Hottentots called their oxen, could be taught wonderful feats of skill, and became valuable assistants in war. That they would gore, kick and trample to death with incredible fury any enemy, but were perfectly friendly and a valuable protection to every member of their own kraal. Whether this is true or not I have never been able to definitely determine, but during a short sojourn in south Africa at the time I mentioned I saw what convinced me of their ferocity in fighting.

"I was in the edge of Zululand on a mission for an uncle, who was making a fortune in mercantile pursuits, and stopped for a day or two with a splendid specimen of the native, whose handsome wife and bright children made me almost forget their color. The children had a pet blackleyer—a young bull—which they called Hulo, and which they fondly believed could vanquish any beast on earth. The second night of my stay it was time of full moon, and was so warm that after my first nap I arose and went out into the beautiful night, and found my host and his eldest son, a lad of sixteen, there already. Hulo in his pen seemed very impatient, and young Omak let him out into the space in front of his father's hut. Here the graceful and spirited animal stood sniffing the air, shaking his head till his long, beautiful horns glistened in the moonlight and his bright eyes sparkled in evident anxiety.

"I was just on the point of asking what it meant when a heavy running sound approached us, and out of the forest into the open space came a magnificent looking specimen of a horrible looking brute, which I saw at a glance was a rhinoceros. I at once sprang for my gun, and my host and his son did the same, all of which took but a second. The rhinoceros still stood there, glancing from us to Hulo. We could scarcely see his disgusting little eyes, and disliked to take chances on shooting in the moonlight, for our guns were loaded with leaden bullets, and so thick are the skins of these animals that iron or tin bullets are used for hunting them. We were saved any trouble, however, for Hulo, with a bellow, gave challenge to combat.

"The rhinoceros was clumsy and dull, but nothing could withstand his assaults and it seemed as if he would never tire. He would make a rush at Hulo, and as soon as Hulo's horns would cut him in the sides and flanks he would turn and rush at him again. Finally the young bull showed signs of fatigue and changed his attack from the sides to the rear. Here he found vulnerable places on the inside of his enemy's thighs, and sent forth a bellow which plainly indicated joy. No matter how often or which way the rhinoceros would turn Hulo was behind him, tearing his legs to pieces with those keen, sharp, swordlike horns of his, while the blood ran in streams. It was impossible for the heavier brute to evade his quicker enemy, and at last, realizing this, every thrust by the victorious bull brought forth a bellow of rage and despair from the denizen of the forest, followed by a note of victory by Hulo.

"The movements of the rhinoceros became slower and slower as he was being more and more cut to pieces, and at last sitting down he tried to turn fast enough to front and ward off his active enemy. It was all to no purpose, however, and delay was only prolonging the death agony, so at a word from his father young Omak walked up and sent a bullet through its eye and it rolled over dead. I shall never forget the picture that followed. As soon as the enormous animal rolled over, the young bull sprang upon his vanquished enemy and sent forth challenge after challenge of rage, defiance and victory! Standing there with his head high in the air, and his horns covered with blood from tip to base, and his face, nostrils, chest and forelegs a solid sheet of blood and flesh, he formed a picture in the moonlight that one could never see and forget."—Galveston Cor. St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Points About Watermelons.

The finest watermelons in the world are to be found in Galveston, and are served in first-class restaurants and special cafes in place of ice cream. There it is the regular thing for young men to take their girls out for watermelon. The fruit is never sliced, but served in halves, no matter how large the melon or how small the eaters. Each of the halves are served on a platter, and the only eating utensil is a silver dessert spoon.

Salt, sugar and nutmeg are provided for the convenience of those who use seasoning. The same usage prevails in first-class restaurants in Georgia and other melon centers. Outside of these, the go-as-you-please style predominates. The leaders of fashion, or the quality, usually fix the local styles.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

Why She Succeeds.

"I can't understand why she is so much cleverer than I," said a woman of another, her rival in society and her superior in tact. "Easy enough to understand," said her husband—it is only husbands who dare to say disagreeable things—"You, like other women, say to men? 'Oh, I know you,' but she leaves them with the impression that they have deceived her. That belief is so comforting to a man."—New York Recorder.

The Father of the Constitution.

It is not generally known that James Madison was called the father of the Constitution because he was the author of the resolution presented to the Virginia legislature leading to the invitation to the thirteen states to send delegates to a convention to form a more perfect Union which resulted in the meeting of the constitutional convention, in the deliberations of which Madison took part.—Chicago Tribune.

SO, MOON, DON'T TELL.

O Moon! did you see
My lover and me
In the valley beneath the sycamore tree?
Whatever befell
O Moon! don't tell;
'Twas nothing amiss, you know very well.

O Moon! you know,
Long years ago
You left the sky and descended below
Of a summer night
By your own sweet light;
You met your Endymion on Patmos' height—

And there, O Moon!
You gave him a boon
You wouldn't, I'm sure, have granted at noon.
'Twas nothing amiss,
Being only the bliss
Of giving—and taking—an innocent kiss!

Some churlish lout,
Who was spying about,
Went off and babbled, and so it got out;
But for all the gold
The sea could hold,
O Moon! I wouldn't have gone and told!

So, Moon, don't tell
Whatever befell
My lover and me in the leafy dell.
He is honest and true,
And, remember, too,
He only behaved like your lover and you!
—New York Truth.

Minneapolis Larger Than Paris.

The existing Paris covers 19,275 acres, or about thirty square miles, while metropolitan London, with 4,000,000 population, contains 118 square miles, and Chicago provides an area about as extensive for 1,100,000. The average distance from the center of Paris to the circumference is only three miles. Minneapolis, with only 165,000 people, has a municipal area more than twice as large as that of Paris. Almost the entire population of Paris is housed in the flats of tenement structures averaging from four to five stories in height.

According to the revised figures of the census of 1886 there were nearly 75,000 houses in Paris, and the average number of people in a house was about thirty. In the old arrondissements of the inner Paris there are probably about 30,000 houses, accommodating about 1,000,000 people.

For a total contrast in the plan of house construction we have only to cross the channel and to examine London, where we find an average of about eight persons to a house for the whole metropolis. But the people of Paris are better housed, all things considered, than those of London. A population of 2,500,000 within a circle whose radius is only three miles is certainly very dense, but it must be remembered that Paris is a many storied city.—Dr. Albert Shaw in Century.

Sighs on Bridges.

The front stoop offers facilities for courtship, and among the young people of Brooklyn the front stoop is a popular summer institution. The Brooklyn bridge is a bridge of sighs. It is the high bridges over the Central tracks in upper New York, however, that are most ardently worked for this purpose.

An evening stroll that takes the observer over one of these bridges will show dozens of couples leaning against the rails and apparently investigating the myriad tracks and colored signal lights and passing trains below. A manly arm will be withdrawn from a slender waist as you pass, to be stealthily slipped back again within the moment. The skirmish of hearts is going on there while you are asleep or at the theater. It is the engagement ground of the poor and lowly who live in tenements and have no front gate and no doorsteps. For them the bridge on these warm nights is a dish of ice cream with two spoons in it.—New York Herald.

All on Account of a Dog.

A devoted husband who was lately asked after the health of a dog by a friend who had presented it to his wife exclaimed: "De dog! De dog! You question me about dat dog! De dog is vell enoof! Mein vife, she vant to go to Saratoga, unt she take the dog mit her, unt ven she take him into de car de conductor he object! Unt vot my vife do! She ride in de baggage car all de way from New York to Saratoga mit dat dog! Unt ven ve go to de hotel de proprietaire he say, 'Ve take no dogs here!' but he make me pay for my room vot is engaged! Unt we go to some other hotel. De same vords, 'Ve take no dogs here!' Unt my vife, who like always do best, she go into a cheap boarding house and make herself so uncomfortable for dat dog! You tink somebody shoot him by mistake! I vill gif one huntert tollars to somebody if he shoot dat dog by mistake! Dat dog! You question me about dat dog!—New York Times.

How to Get Ink Out of Clothes.

Nearly every housekeeper has many garments spotted with ink. Here is a good way to get the ink out. Ink spots may be removed from linen with tartaric acid while wet. To remove ink from cotton, silk or woolen goods, saturate the spot with spirits of turpentine and let it remain several hours; then rub between the hands. It will crumble away without injuring the color or texture of the article.—New York Journal.

Velocity of Meteorites.

The singular fact has been demonstrated that, while the most rapid velocity of cannon balls scarcely ever attain a speed of 800 meters a second—about 1,800 miles per hour—meteorites are known to permeate the air with a velocity of 40,000 or even 60,000 meters per second. This unthinkable speed instantly raises the temperature of the air to 4,000 or 6,000 degrees centigrade.—St. Louis Republic.

Belgian railway officials, after three years of investigation, report that under ordinary circumstances the average railway train in passing over one mile of track wears from it two and one-fifth pounds. This natural destruction of track amounts for the whole world to about 1,330,000 pounds daily.

Headache may be due to defective action of the liver, constipation, inactive condition of the skin, poor blood, excessive mental exertion, exhaustion from fatigue, the condition of the stomach, eye strain or rheumatism of the scalp. Some headaches are purely neuralgic.

The Superior
remedy
for all diseases
originating in
impure blood;
the
MEDICINE
which
may always
be relied upon
to give the best
satisfaction,
is
AYER'S
Sarsaparilla
Cures others, will cure you

DOUBLE PHOTOGRAPHS.

Methods of Making a Figure Appear in Different Positions on One Plate.

The making of double pictures on one negative plate has been practiced by photographers for some time. It has been supposed that they were made by using reflections from mirrors to double the object to be photographed. Doubles may be made that way, but the reflection of the glass always shows, while the figures are invariably distorted. The most common way of making successful doubles is to extend the reach of the lens with a small box of the same depth of the focal depth of the lens. The inside of the box should be smooth and blackened a dead black, to prevent its appearance in the picture.

The front of the box is then divided equally by two small doors or flaps. In making the exposure open one flap, draw the slide from your plate holders and expose the plate. Then replace the slide, close the door that was open, let the person being photographed change position, open the door that was closed on the first exposure, leaving the other one closed, focus the object, draw the slide again and expose the plate again, and you have the same person in two different attitudes in the same negative, without any line of demarkation showing in the background.

Captain John N. Riker goes further than making doubles. He makes triples, quadruples or any number wanted, in the most grotesque and ghastly forms, on one plate. His system of making doubles on the same plate is more complicated than the one described. It is done by placing a kit or shutter over the plate in the holder and exposing a part at a time.

The kit is hinged in sections, the upper corners opening like little doors to the side. Decapitated heads are taken by opening the doors and just exposing the part of the plate directly behind, on which the head has been focused. After these exposures have been made the doors are closed and the subject is focused with outstretched hands. After proper focusing, the kit, except the upper corners, is drawn away and a full exposure made.

A few days ago Captain Riker walked into the house and tossed an envelope into Mrs. Riker's hands. On opening it she found a picture of the headless body standing upright with arms outstretched, and in each hand a platter on which lay a ghastly head—his own.

Captain Riker said that while he had known for many years the secret of making the pictures, he now desired to show simply what really is behind the making of alleged spook and spirit pictures. The secret of making the pictures has been known for many years also by Professor George R. Cromwell.—New York Sun.

Relative Strength of Men and Women.

By means of a specially devised instrument a French scientist has carried out some experiments for determining how the average strength of the two sexes compares. The palm of the hand is placed on the instrument, and then the greatest downward pressure which the individual can give is exercised upon it, and the force thus produced is recorded by the usual clockwork device. Fifty robust men, and the same number of healthy women, both belonging to the middle class of society, with ages varying from twenty-five to forty-five years, were tested in this way by the Paris scientist.

The strongest man of the company was able to produce with his right hand a pressure equivalent to eighty-five kilograms (a kilogram is rather more than two pounds) and the weakest to forty kilograms, the average being fifty-six kilograms. One curious result was arrived at: The short men were all very nearly as strong as the tall men, the average difference between equal groups of two sizes being only three kilograms. The force of the strongest women of the fifty who were selected amounted to only forty-four kilograms, and that of the weakest to sixteen kilograms, while the average was thirty-three kilograms.—Herald of Health.

Dynamite for Foundation Work.

A correspondent of Indian Engineering says he recently witnessed a very interesting mode of obtaining a foundation for a new building. A hole was bored in the ground (which was previously damp) from ten to twelve feet deep and an inch and a half wide, and a string of cartridges was lowered into it. The subsequent explosion not only produced a cavity a yard in diameter, but also drove the water out of the surrounding earth by means of the expansive action of the gases. The water did not return to its former place for fully an hour, so that an opportunity was afforded to fill up the cavity with quickly settling concrete, and a rapid rate of working was thus attained.

SOCIETY DIRECTORY.

ILLINOIS CATHOLIC ORDER OF FORESTERS.

HIGH COURT OFFICERS.

P. J. Cahill, H C R, Rooms 21-22, 69 Dearborn st; John O'Neill, H V C R, Milwaukee, Wis.; J. J. Dillon, H. S, Room 21, 69 Dearborn st.; Henry Detmer, H. Treas.; Dr. P. H Conley, H M E, 477 W Indiana st.; Chas. Langale, S C.; Stephen Conley, J C.; James Kelley, I S.; J V Cook, O S.

BOARD OF DIRECTORS.

P J Cahill, John O'Neill, J J Dillon, Henry Detmer, Dr P H Conley, Peter Mueller, P Chambers, N A Kirschten, Ludger Drolet, M W Murray, Henry C Johnson.

SUBORDINATE COURT OFFICERS.

Holy Family Court No. 1—J K Clowry, C R, 433 Blue Island av; J L Shepherd, Treas; W J Wallace, R S, 120 W Taylor st; G R Bracken, F S; Dr G C Synon, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Wednesday, Sodality hall, cor May and 11th.

Columbia Court No. 2—J F O'Neil, C R, 520 W Erie st; Wm Flanagan, R S, 2 Smart st; John E Kelly, F S; P J Sheehy, Treas; Dr T Conley, C P. Meet 1st Wednesday, 8 p m, and 3d Sunday, 3 p m, in Society hall, 539 W Indiana st.

Sacred Heart Court No. 3—James O'Neill, C R, 138 W 18th st; P J O'Keefe, R S, 265 E Indiana st; Hugh P Moran, F S; Henry Powers, Treas; Dr Wm C King, C P. Meet 1st and 3d Thursday cor. Canalport av and Union st.

St. Pius Court No. 4—F T Nichol, C R, 345 Hastings st; Francis McEneany, R S, 739 Hinman st; F M Quinn, F S; John Durkin, Treas; Dr David O'Shea, C P. Meet 2d and 4th Fridays, St Pius school hall, Twentieth st and Ashland av.

Jaques Carter Court No. 5—Geo Dalziel, C R, Blackhawk and Cherry sts; H Langlois, R S, Vernon Park place; A St Pierre, F S; N F Franchere, Treas; Dr F W Fitzgerald, C P. Meet 188 Blue Island av, 2nd and 4th Sunday. Conducted in the French language.

St. John's Court No. 6—Henry C Johnson, C R, 2127 State st; Wm J Graham, R S, 179 E 18th st; T J Magner, F S; D M McKindley, Treas; Dr D BSullivan, C P. Meet in St John's hall, 1st and 3rd Wednesday.

St. James Court No. 7—A B Perrigo, C R, 2967 State st; Henry S Hewson, R S, 2518 Butterfield st; W J Erler, F S; D B Quinlan, Treas; Dr P S MacDonald, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Friday, at 2974 State st.

St. Joseph's Court No 8—J J Lawler, C R, 11 W 11th st; Wm A Hoyne, R S, 337 Centre av; Thomas J Holland, F S; Thos G Martin, Treas; Dr Jeremiah Mather, C P. Meet 2d and 4th Wednesday, Sodality Hall, May and Eleventh st.

All Saints' Court No. 9—Jos A Smith, C R, 165 Napoleon place; B B Brady, R S, 505 26th st; Thos F Williamson, F S; J Griffin, Treas; Dr D Collins, C P. Meet at hall 2441 Archer av, 1st and 3d Tuesday.

St. Mary's Court, No. 10—J C Schubert, C R, 133 22d st; W G Brennan, R S, 133 22d st; James Drury, F S, 95 E Polk st; Michael Moran, Treas, 25 Miller st; Dr W J Clary, C P; 163 State st. Meet 1st and 3d Tuesday, 8 p m, basement St Mary's church, Wabash ave and Eldridge ct.

Nativity Court, No. 11—Mathew Lamb, C R, 3458 Halstedst; J B McAuliffe, R S, 3623 Emerald ave; Thomas Ryan, F S; John Carney, Treas; Dr J R McNamara, C P. Meet at hall 37th and Halsted sts, 1st and 3d Tuesday.

St. Patrick's Court, No. 12—John Davy, C R, 17 Aberdeenst; M J Ryan, R S, 971 Spalding ave; George B Valentine, F S; Wm J Moody, Treas; Dr C Hogan, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Tuesday, in Fitzgerald's hall, corner Adams and Halsted sts.

Marquette Court, No. 13—Thomas Rogers, C R, 481 W Ohio st; D B Hansen, R S, 332 W Adams st; M C O'Kane, F S; J B Shiel, Treas; Dr P H Connolly, C P. Meet 2d Sunday 3 p m, last Friday 7:30 p m, at Anchor hall, cor. Paulina and Indiana sts.

Holy Name Court, No. 14—Hugh Manley, C R, 271 E Superior st; M C Cooney, R S, 362 Wells st; J F Owens, F S; J F Jaeger, Treas; Dr J K Winer, C P. Meet at Feehan hall, 2d and 4th Tuesday.

St. Thomas' Court, No. 15—Thos Mulvihill, C R, Woodlawn Park; John Mott, R S, box 46, Woodlawn Park; Thos W Gray, F S; P Chambers, Treas; Dr A E Garceau, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Mondays in Flood's hall, Hyde Park.

St. Gabriel's Court, No. 16—John Hunt, C R; Peter Quigley, R S, 606 Root st; John Hale, F S; Wm Tracey, Treas; Dr J Rielly, C P. Meet 1st and 3d Sundays, 45th and Wallace sts.

St. John Baptist Court, No. 17—Somonauk, Ill—Felix Meyers, C R; John McNamara, R S, Somonauk; Henry Kuehlmann, F S; Geo Denilauler, Treas; Dr Edward Molitor, C P. Meet 2d and 4th Saturdays, in School hall.

St. Ignatius Court No. 18—Bryan Farley, C R, 100 Hastings st; Philip Devlin, R S, 261 S May st; S A Clow, F S; T J Lee, Treas; Dr T F O'Malley, C P. Meet 1st and 3d Tuesday, Templar's hall, 250 Blue Island av.

Western Reserve Court, No. 19—J Seuses, C R, 1009 Lake st; A J Vance, R S, 505 Park av; P Noonan, F S; H C Latus, Treas; Dr M H McGrath, C P. Meet 2d Sunday 4:30 p m, 4th Wednesday 7:30 p m, in Aqua Pura hall, 1086 W Lake st.

St. Nicholas' Court, No. 20—Peter Both, C R, 409 26th st; N Pauly, R S, 2013 Wentworth av; F N Moninger, F S; M W Fois, Treas; Dr Emil Gilgohann, C P. Meet last Tuesday in basement St. Antonius' church, cor. 24th place and Hanover st., and 2nd Sunday, Schaeffer's hall, 2301 Hanover st.

St. Patrick's Court, No. 21; South Chicago—Wm Tully, C R; Michael O'Neill, R S; F McWinnie, F S; D M Duggan, Treas; Dr J L Larkin, C P. Meet 2d and 4th Thursday in St. Patrick's hall, South Chicago.

St. Elizabeth's Court No. 22—B Burns, C R, 4428 LaSalle st; C A Reidy, R S, 798 Thirty-seventh st; Hugh O'Hare, F S; Thos M Curtin, Treas; Dr Chas P Caldwell, C P. Meet 2d and 4th Tuesdays in St. Elizabeth School hall, 41st and State sts.

St. Sylvester's Court No. 23—P H Brady, C R, 809 Tallman av; R W Nye, R S, Humboldt Park P O; H Smith, F S; R R Ashenden, Treas; Dr D W Nolan, C P. Meet 2nd Sunday 3 p m, 4th Sunday 7:30 p m, at Lagonia's hall, Western and North ave.

St. Benedict's Court No. 24—J P Lauth, C R, 361 N Clark st; Wm Klein, R S, 83 Mohawk st; Jacob Alt, F S; P Mueller, Treas; Dr Jas P Buck, C P. Meet in St. Joseph's School hall, cor. Hill and Franklin sts, 2nd and 4th Wednesday.

Notre Dame Court No. 25—P C Harbour, C R, 136 Blue Island av; M Dore, R S, 14 Sangamon st; A Aubry, F S; J B Levreau, Treas; Dr E D St Cyr, C P. Meet 1st Sunday, 3 p m, 3rd Sunday, 8 p m, at Franchere's hall, 188 Blue Island av. Conducted in the French language.

St. Peter's Court, No. 26—H J Cremer, C R, 238 Sherman st; Frank A Kucera, R S, 525 S Morgan st; Joseph Seitz, F S; Val Schmittschmitt, Treas; Dr J J Thomnets, C P. Meet 2nd and 4th Thursday, 8 p m, basement St. Peter's church.

St. Aloysius' Court, No. 27—J Murphy, C R, 545 S Jefferson st; Julius Baier, R S, 299 W Thirteenth st; John McShea, F S; John J Marnell, Treas; Dr Wm A Synon, C P. Meet in Sodality hall, Eleventh and May sts, 2nd and 4th Tuesdays.

Annunciation Court, No. 28—C A Hawley, C R, 850 N Hoyne av; Edmond C Foley, R S, 412 Wabansia av; Joseph E Gleeson, F S; James Burke, Treas; Dr. Charles Venn, C P. Meet corner Robey and Milwaukee av, 1st and 3d Sunday, 3 p m.

St. Ambrose Court, No. 29— Fazel, C R, 883 Blue Island av; John Burggraf, R S 144 Ambrose st; Aug Ehlebracht, F S; Henry Schlitt, Treas; Dr Brand, C P. Meet 2nd and 4th Tuesdays, 158 Ambrose st, 8 p m

Im. Conception Court, No. 30—Simon J. Forhan, C R, 1710 Diversey av; Luke Sullivan, R S; Joseph F Roider, F S; Michael Roeder, Treas. Meets first and third Mondays in Phoenix Hall, Division and Sedgwick sts.

St. Vincent de Paul's Court, No. 31—D A Lawtonb, C R, 241 Webster av; Jas F Lusk, R S, 282 Blackhawk st; J Conway, F S; Patrick McGuire, Treas; Dr Geo W Reynolds, C P. Meet 1st Sunday and 3rd Wednesday, at 3 and 8 o'clock p m, in Scool hall.

St. Stephen's Court, No. 32—J Hanrahan, C R, 16 N Sangamon st; David Cottrell, R S, 676 Larrabee st; J Kavanagh, F S; M Mitchell, treas; Dr J T Stanton, C P. Meet 1st Wednesday 8 p m and 3d Sunday 3 p m, 599 Milwaukee av.

St. Michael's Court, No. 33—A Von Teemer, C R, 241 Orchard st; John J Blindauer, R S, 158 Hudson av; M F Engel, F S; Henry Schomer, Treas; Dr Jas P Buck, C P. Meet 2nd and 4th Tuesday, St Michael's hall, cor North and Hudson avs.

St. Martin's Court, No. 34—Mathias Pitts, C R, 93 Gardner st; P Scmitt, R S, 200 Mohawk st; Fred'k Krings, F S; M Franzen, Treas; Dr Charles Koller, C P. Meet 2nd and 4th Saturday, Brand's hall, cor North and Clybourne av.

St. Lawrence Court, No. 35—Grand Crossing, Cook county, Ill—Michael Conlin, C R; J C Hayes, R S; S Marks, F S; A Neeb, Treas; Dr C W Pusey, C P. Meet 1st and 3d Tuesday, 8 p m, Social hall.

Cathedral Court, No. 36—P McGarry, C R, 442 Seminary av; L Rohrer, R S, 223 Elm st; J P Devine, F S; F T Scanlan, Treas; Dr P H Cronin, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Tuesday, hall 324 E Division st.

St. Agnes' Court, No. 37—John Begane, C R, Brighton Park; Daniel Kane, R S, Brighton Park; John Grady, F S; D Ackerman, Treas; Dr D Egan, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Monday, 8 p m, Parish School, Brighton.

Blessed Virgin Court No. 38—Peter Doyle, C R, 71 Cicero court; L A Lafont, R S, 1704 W Twelfth st; Chas E Browne, F S; Dr L A Harcourt, C P. Meet in school hall of Our Lady of Sorrows, Sunday and 3d Thursday at 2:30 and 7:30 p m.

St. Ann's Court No. 39—Thos A Kenny, C R, 5524 Wentworth av; John McCoy, R S, 4946 Dearborn st; James Kerwin, F S; J J Cowan, Treas; Dr Doherty, C P. Meet in Kerwin's hall, Fifty fifth st and Wentworth av, 1st and 3rd Fridays.

St. Alphonsus' Court No. 40—L Brieski, C R, 597 Southport av; Chas J Flugel, R S, 36 Clifton av; A Jobst, F S; Felix Hottinger, Treas; Dr John M Jacobs, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Wednesday, Werheim's hall, Racine and Belmont avs.

Cour Level Court, No. 41—Adolphe Fournier, C R, Brighton P O; Adolph Bourbeau, R S, Brighton Park, Ill; P Deguise, F S; John B Dronin, Treas. Meet 1st and 3rd Sunday, at 7:30 p m, in McMahon's hall, 3137 Archer av.

St. Bridget's Court No. 42—J Schneider, C R, 5611 Emerald av; Thomas Duffy, R S, 3644 Ashland av; Thomas Lyons, F S; M McMahon, Treas. Meet in McMahon's hall, 3157 Archer av, 1st Monday, 7:30 p m, 3rd Sunday 2:30 p m.

St. Boniface Court No. 43—Peter Mueller, C R, 596 Milwaukee av; Peter Schomer, Jr, R S, 102 Cornell st; Peter H Heinrichs, F S; W Kern, Treas; Dr Chas Venn, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Wednesday, School hall, St. Boniface parish.

St. Charles Court No. 44, Evanston—Chas O'Donahue, C R; John M Flood, R S; Daniel McCann, F S; N P Mersch, Treas; Dr E H Webster, C P. Meet 2nd and 4th Wednesdays, Foresters hall.

St. Hubert's Court No. 45—John Kolle, C R, 795 Milwaukee av; H J Sommers, R S, 587 W Chicago av; J H Nellee, F S; Frank Pich, Treas; Dr Chas Venn, C P. Meet 2nd and 4th Sunday at 994 Milwaukee av.

McMullen Court No. 46—M J Kelly, C R, 153 Huron st; P C Crane, R S, 381 Orchard st; S E Morgan, F S; G Tierney, Treas; Dr J A Benson, C P. Meet in North Side Turner hall, N Clark st. 1st and 3rd Tuesdays.

St. Leo Court No. 47—P E Hickey, C R, 1423 W Madison st; J J Hickey, R S, 420 W Indiana st; G Fitzgerald, F S; G White, Treas; Dr Wm Deegan, C P. Meet 2nd Tuesday at 7:30 p m, and 4th Sunday at 3 p m, Anchor hall, Indiana and Paulina sts.

St. George Court No. 48—Hubert Hartig, C R, 2949 Lyman st; Martin Hottua, R S, 2617 Emerald av; C Niersbach, F S; Chas Trauscht, Treas; Dr D Egan, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Monday Dayes hall, cor Sanger st and Archer av.

St. Mary Court No. 49, Springfield, Ill.—J J McInerney, C R; John Carey, R S; Eugene Colgan, F S; D O'D Hallihan, Treas. Meet 2nd and 4th Thursdays.

Assumption Court No. 50, (Italian)—F Brucciani, C R, 436 Milwaukee av; G B Lagomarsino, R S, 70 E Indiana st; J L Pieroni, Treas. Meet in Assumption church.

St. Henry Court No. 51—Peter P Krantz, C R; Nicholas Alles, R S; M Winandy, F S; M Jasques, Treas. Meet in St. Henry school hall, Rosehill, 2d and 4th Thursdays.

Col. Mulligan Court No. 52—A F Teefy, C R, Room 21 Reaper Block; N J Pauly, R S, 258 W Congress st; P B Hayes, F S; Denis Molyneux, Treas. Meet 2nd and 4th Thursdays in Fitzgerald's hall, cor Halsted and Adams sts.

Waukegan Court No. 53—J H Finney, C R; J J Jemison, R S; John Michaels, F S; J B Dady, Treas. Meet 1st and 3rd Monday in Catholic school hall.

St. Francis Court No. 54—K J Cody, C R, 98 Coulter st; Ed J O'Neill, RS, 98 Coulter st; David McGann, F S; Florence McCarthy, Treas. Meet 1st and 3rd Tuesdays in St. Pius school hall, 20th and Ashland av.

St. Bernard Court No. 55—D Sullivan, CR, 448 31st st; J J Kenney, R S, 2816 S. Park av; John W Carroll, F S; Joseph Walsh, Treas. Meet 2nd and 4th Fridays at 2974 State st.

Canadian Court No. 56—L Drolet, C R; E G Richter, R S; L Goudreau, Jr., F S; M F Bechant, Treas; Dr. J N Fraser, C P. Kankakee, Ill.

St. Cecelia's Court No. 57—J J Sepple, C R, 4511 Wentworth av; D Kavanagh, R S, 4721 Butterfield st; N H Powers, F S; M Cronin, Treas. Meet in St. Cecelia's hall, 2nd Sunday and 4th Wednesday

ANCIENT ORDER OF HIBERNIANS.

COOK COUNTY DIRECTORY.

County Board meets second Sunday of each month at 3 p. m., at Fitzgerald's hall, S. E. cor. Halsted and Adams-sts.

County Delegate, P B Flanagan, 3623 Fifth av.
County Secretary, John Dowling, 256 N. Clark.
County Financial Secretary, J. W. Connell, 3719 Lowe av.
County Treasurer, M. E. Lynch, 520 W. Erie.

DIVISION OFFICERS.

Division No. 1.—Wm. Sullivan, Pres., 198 Forquer st; B. J. Callaghan, V. P.; M. A. Manley, Rec. Sec., 375 Oak st.; Michael Lavin, Fin. Sec.; Dominick F. Cannon, Treas. Meets 1st Monday of each month at 152 W. Madison st.

Div. 3—Hugh L. Barron, Pres., 270 W. 14th st; James Carroll, V-P; Edward O'Neill, Rec Sec, 1066 VanHorn st; John Farrell, Fin Sec; P. J. Duffy, Treas. Meets 1st Sunday each month at 2:30 p m at Doherty's Hall, 446 W Twelfth st.

Div. No. 4—Daniel Collins, 861 S. Halsted-st., Pres.; P. Lavery, V. P.; Daniel Cordon, Rec Sec., 669 S. Halsted-st; T. F. White, Fin. Sec.; M. Blake, Treas. Meets last Sunday of each month at 3 p m, at Canalport-av. and Union-st.

Div. No. 5—Timothy Collins, Pres., 2106 State st; William White, V. P.; Michael C. Frell, Recording Sec. 447 Thirty-fifth st.; P. V. Fitzpatrick, Fin. Sec.; James Fitzpatrick, Treas. Meet second Wednesday of each month at 8 p m, at 144 E. Twenty-second st.

Div. No. 6—P. G. McGuire, Pres., 4217 Wentworth-av; Jerh. Ryan, V. P.; Peter Quigley, Rec. Sec., 5256 S. Halsted-st.; John Ryan, Fin. Sec.; B. M. Nicholas, Treas. Meet first Sunday of month at 3 p m, in Town Hall, Town of Lake.

Div. No. 7—M. L. Dunne, Pres., 1728 W. Lake-st.; C. Sullivan, V-P; M. J. Barret, Rec. Sec., 429 S. Halsted st; James E. O'Brien, Fin. Sec.; Mark Bardin, Treas. Meet at 446 W. Twelfth st, the second Sunday of each month at 7:30 p m.

Div. No. 8—James F. Sweeney, Pres., 375 Oak st; P. Dolan, V. P.; Michael D. Sullivan, Rec. Sec., 355 N Market st; M J Lyons, Fin. Sec.; Jas. A. Flanagan, Treas. Meet first Sunday of each of month at 3 p m, in North Side Turner Hall.

Div. No. 9—T T Ahern, Pres. S Chicago; J J Murphy, V. P.; D Duggan, Rec Sec., S Chicago; M. J. McManus, Fin. Sec; John McCabe, Treas. Meets the first Sunday of each month at 2 p m, in Eigenman's Hall, South Chicago.

Div. No. 11—Pres., D. Nicholson, 95 Emerson av.; V.-P., P. D. Kirby; Rec. Sec., Joseph Lamb, 521 W. Erie st.; Fin. Sec., M. E. Lynch, Treas., Martin J. Corcoran. Meets first Monday of each month at Anchor hall, corner of Paulina and Indiana sts.

Div. No. 13—Pres., Patrick Crimmins, 2862 Deering st; V.-P., John J. Roche; Rec. Sec., James Lane, 3138 Ashland av; Fin. Sec., William J. Joyce; Treas., James Kelly. Meet first Sunday each month at 3 p m, in Kasner's hall, Lock st. and Archer av.

Div. No. 14—Pres., James Noonan; V.-P., Austin Clark; Rec. Sec., John Prendergast; Fin. Sec., Edward Rogers; Treas., J. W. McCarthy. Meets first Sunday of each month at 3 pm in Dorrie hall, Lemont, Ill.

Div. No. 16—Pres., M. J. Ryan, 257 Michigan st; V-P., James Conway; Rec. Sec., William Tait, 81 George st; Fin. Sec., Andrew G. Duggan; Treas. James O'Connor. Meet third Sunday each month at 3 p. m. at North Side Turner Hall.

Div. No. 17—President, Martin Mulcahy, 2836 Fifth av; V.P., Thomas Finnigan; Rec. Sec., William Corcoran, 3759 Butterfield st; Fin. Sec., Lawrence Henely; Treas., P. B. Flanagan. Meets second Wednesday each month at 8 p m., at N.W. cor Thirty-seventh and Butterfield-sts.

Div. No. 18—Pres., M. Loftus, cor W Forty-third and Lake sts. V.-P., M Clark; Rec. Sec., Jeremiah Breshahan, Fin. Sec., Jas. Mulcare; Treas., Jas. Dougherty. Meets fourth Monday of each month at Tilton's school house, Central Park, Ill., at 7 p m.

Div. No. 19—Pres. James Thomas, 3802 Parnell av. V.-P., D. O'Brien; Rec. sec. Jeremiah Herbert, Fin. Sec., Joseph W. Connell, Treas. Michael McCarthy. Meets first and third Thursdays of each month in Quealy's hall, 3749 S. Halsted st.

Div. No. 21—Pres., Hugh Hackett; 156 Sherman st. V. P., John Moran; Rec. Sec., P. J. Barrett, 710 Loomis-st.; Fin. Sec., George Connolly, Treas., T. D. Clifford. Meets 3rd Sunday each month, at 3 p. m., at 188 Blue Island-av.

Div. No. 22—Pres., James Fitzpatrick, 1201 N Western av.; V.-P., P. McMahon; Rec. Sec., Andrew Hickey, 1299 N Paulina st; Fin. Sec., P. J. Donohue; Treas., Martin Quinn. Meets first Monday of each month at 8 p m, at corner Hinman and Wood sts.

Div. No. 23—President, Timothy Bourke, 4702 Bishop st.; V.-P., John McGeogeghan; Rec. Sec., John Waters, 4294 Ashland av.; Fin. Sec., John B. O'Connor; Treas. Stephen Sheehan. Meet first Sunday of each month at 3 p m, at Bishop's hall, corner Forty-seventh st. and Ashland avenue.

Div. No. 25—Pres., James F. Cantion, 251 N Carpenter st.; V.-P., Thomas Flynn; Rec. Sec., Joseph A. O'Donnell, 259 N. May st; Fin. Sec., W. J. Graham; Treas., R. Franey. Meets the first Sunday of each month at 3 p m, in Apollo Hall, Milwaukee avenue.

Div. No. 26—Pres. J P Doheny, 2359 Honore st; V.-P., James McKenna; Rec. Sec., Hugh McNally 4455 School st; Fin. Sec., James Kerwin; Treas., Lawrence Reynolds. Meet second Saturday of each month at 8 p m, at Fifty-first st. and Wentworth-av.

Div. 29—Pres. Alexander Reilly, Kensington; V P, M J Sullivan; Rec sec, James Dolan, Box 887 Pullman; Fin sec, Peter Tully; Treas, Thos Markey. Meet 2nd and 4th Sunday of each month at 8 o m, in Pullman, Ill.

Div. 31—Pres. John Dowling, 253 N Clark st; V P, Thomas Franey; rec sec, John Mulhearn, 40 Artesian av; fin sec, Michael Moore; treas, James C. King. Meets last Saturday of each month at 1086 W Lake st.

Div. 35—Pres, Thomas Doyle, 3800 Lowe av; V P, J J Burke; rec sec, M J O'Brien, 3203 Butler st; fin sec, Patrick Quinn; treas, Michael Kavanaugh. Meets first Sunday each month at Kavanaugh's hall, 3818 South Halsted st.

Div. 36—President, Michael McCarthy, 610 Thirty second st; V P, Patrick Foley; Rec Sec, Martin Walsh, 2993 Lyman st; Fin Sec, Patrick Crimmins; Treas, James Kelly. Meet first and third Saturday each month at 686 Thirty-first st.

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Div. 7—Pres, J. L. Quan, 304 Loomis st; vice-pres, John Maher; rec sec, Chris McLoughlin, 158 Johnson st; fin sec, Patrick Morris; treas, Jeremiah O'Brien. Meet the second and fourth Thursday each month at 188 Blue Island av, at 7:30 p m.

Div. 9—Pres, James Lavel, South Chicago; vice-pres, Thomas McCue; rec. sec, Patrick McEnaley, Box 270, South Chicago; fin. sec, Philip Mortimer; treas, Michael Doyle. Meet third Sunday each month in Bowman's hall, corner Ninety-second-st, and Ill Cent. R. R., South Chicago.

Div. 11—Pres, Martin Dowling, 278 W. Ohio st.; vice-pres, James F. O'Neill; rec. sec, John Fitzmaurice, 249 Fulton st; fin. sec, Michael Dennehy; treas, John Doyle. Meet first Thursday each month at 8 p m. O'Callaghan's hall, Indiana and Lincoln sts.

Div. 15—Pres, John J Conroy, 101 Brown st; vice-pres, Mich'l J. Walsh; rec sec, Edw Quinn, W 21st st; fin sec, Thos. Moran; Treas. Matthew Farley. Meet 1st Wednesday each month in School hall, Twentieth st and Ashland av, at 7:30 p m.

Div. 20—Pres, John O'Callaghan, 731 Carroll av; vice-pres, James E. Dunn; rec sec, M. Connolly; fin sec, J. T. Fitzgibbons; treas, Thomas Flood. Meet the first Sunday each month at O'Callaghan's Hall, corner of Indiana and Lincoln sts, at 2 p m.

Div. 21—Pres, Patrick Mahonney, 197 W 14th st; vice pres, James Kearney; rec sec, John Morris, 47 S Morgan st; fin sec, M. O'Connor; treas, Thomas McGourty. Meet the third Sunday each month at 446 W Twelfth st.

Div. 27—Pres, J. Bigane, 1674 39th st; vice-pres, Michael Larney; rec sec. Peter Callaghan, cor Western & Aarcher avs; fin sec, John Bradrick; treas, John Larney. Meet first Saturday each month at Larney Hall, BBrighton Park, at 7:30 p m.

Div. 28—Pres, Patrick M. Carmody, 66 Nebraska st; vice-pres, Philip Dolan; rec sec, J J Quinn, 288 Forquer st; fin sec, T. L. Keys; treas, P Dougherty. Meet first Tuesday at 8 p m, and fourth Sunday at p m, at Sodality hall, cor 11th and May sts.

Div. 33—Pres, P.H. Chambers, Hyde Park; vice-pres, James Egan; rec sec, Thomas Kenny, 108 39th st; fin sec, Patrick McGrath; treas, Henry Lynch.

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ST. GABRIEL'S BRANCH NO. 218—Meets the first and third Thursday of each month at 7:30 p. m. in school hall, corner Forty-fifth and Wallace sts. Pres, Austin J. Kilkenny, Trans S House; V-P, J. C. White; Cor Sec, D. J. Pain 43d and Emerald-av; Fin Sec, J. F. Molony Treas, J. B. Hartnett.

St. Stephens Branch, No. 117, C. A. A., meets on the third Sunday of every month, at 3 o'clock p. m., in the reading room attached to St. Patrick's church, Desplaines street. The following are the officers for the current year:

President, Edward McCormick; vice-president, John Conway; recording secretary, Mark Sharkey, 946 North Wood street; financial secretary, M. A. O'Brien, 244 Wanbansia avenue treasurer, Patrick Dolan, 236 North Clark street. All information regarding the association be had by applying to any of the above.

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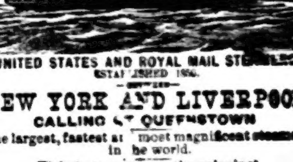
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INFORMATION WANTED

Of Peter Clarke, a native of Co. Cavan, Ireland; last heard from about ten years ago; was then in Gunnison, Colorado. Any information about him will be thankfully received by his brother, JAS. CLARKE, 1267 W. Sixteenth st, Chicago, Ill.

EDWARD J. McARDLE ATTORNEY. CHAMBER OF COMMERCE BUILDING.

ESTATE OF PETER FITZSIMMONS, DECEASED.—All persons having claims against the statee of Peter Fitzsimmons, deceased, are hereby notified and requested to attend and present such claims to the Probate Court of Cook county, Illinois, for the purpose of having the same adjusted at a term of said Court, to be held at the Probate Court Room, in the City of Chicago, in said Cook County, on the third Monday of September, A. D. 1891, being the 21st day thereof. MARY FITZSIMMONS, Administratrix, with will annexed of estate of said deceased.
Dated Chicago, August 5, 1891.
E. J. McArdle, Attorney.

ESTATE OF JOHANNA SHEEHAN ALIAS Johanna Wall, deceased.—All persons having claims against the estate of Johanna Sheehan alias Johanna Wall, deceased, are hereby notified and requested to attend and present such claims to the Probate Court of Cook County, Illinois, for the purpose of having the same adjusted at a term of said Court, to be held at the Probate Court room, in the City of Chicago, in said Cook County, on the third Monday of September, A. D. 1891, being the 21st day thereof. KATIE SHEEHAN, Administratrix, with will annexed of estate of said deceased.
Dated Chicago, August 5, 1891.
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STATE OF ILLINOIS, COUNTY OF COOK —ss. Circuit Court of Cook County. May Term, A. D. 1891 John G. Haueise vs. Sarah Haueise. In Chancery. No. 91,759.

Notice is hereby given to the said Sarah Haueise that the above named complainant heretofore filed his bill of complaint in said court on the chancery side thereof, and that a summons thereupon issued out of said court against the above named defendant returnable on the first day of the term of the Circuit Court of Cook County, to be held at the Court House, in Chicago, in said Cook County, on the third Monday of June A. D. 1891, as is by law required, and which suit is still pending.

HENRY BEST, Clerk.
David Sullivan, Complainant's Solicitor.

STATE OF ILLINOIS, COUNTY OF COOK. —ss. In the Probate Court of Cook County. In the matter of the estate of Orlow H. Crotser, a lunatic. To Orlow H. Crotser, and to all whom it may concern:

Please take notice that on the 20th day of July, 1891, being the first day of the July Term 1891, of the Probate Court of Cook County, or as soon thereafter as the matter can be heard, I, Augusta Kennedy, Conservatrix of Orlow H. Crotser, a lunatic, shall present to said court, at the Probate Court room, in the court house, in the City of Chicago, County of Cook, and State of Illinois, my petition and application for leave to sell, according to law, all that certain real estate of Orlow H. Crotser, a lunatic, situated in said County and State, and known and described as follows, to-wit: Lot Nineteen (19) in Block Three (3) of Taylor's Subdivision of Block One (1) of Assessor's division of the East half (E½) of the Northwest quarter (N. W. ¼) of Section Eight (8), Township Thirty nine (39), North, Range fourteen (14) East of the Third (3d) Principal Meridian, for the purpose of enabling me to pay the debts of said Orlow H. Crotser, a lunatic.

AUGUSTA KENNEDY,
Conservatrix of Orlow H. Crotser, a lunatic.
Dated Chicago, June 8, 1891.
David Sullivan, Attorney.

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Attorneys.

BRADY, MATTHEW P., Attorney and Counsellor-at-Law, 26 Portland Block, 107 Dearborn-st. Chicago.

JOHN W. WALSH, Attorney at Law, 609 Opera House Building, Chicago, Ill.

JAMES O'CONNELL, Attorney-at-Law, Suite 916, Chicago Opera House Block, 112 Clark-st., Chicago. Telephone 961.

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ESTATE OF ANDREW WALSH, DECEASED—All persons having claims against the estate of Andrew Walsh, deceased, are hereby notified and requested to attend and present such claims to the Probate Court of Cook County, Illinois, for the purpose of having the same adjusted at a term of said court, to be held at the Probate Court room, in the City of Chicago, in said Cook County, on the third Monday of September A. D. 1891, being the 21st day thereof.
Dated Chicago, August 6, 1891.
CHRILTOPHER KELLY,
MICHAEL McNERNY,
Executors of the last will and testament of Andrew Walsh, deceased.
James McEnerny, Attorney.

DAVID SULLIVAN ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, 87 WASHINGTON-ST.

ESTATE OF MICHAEL ENRIGHT, DECEASED — All persons having claims against the estate of Michael Enright, deceased, are hereby notified and requested to attend and present such claims to the Probate Court of Cook County, Illinois, for the purpose of having the same adjusted at a term of said Court, to be held at the Probate Court room, in the City of Chicago, in said Cook County, on the third Monday of September A. D. 1891, being the 21st day thereof. JULIA ENRIGHT, Executrix.
Dated Chicago, July 7, 1891.
David Sullivan Attorney.

JAMES O'CONNELL, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW OPERA HOUSE BUILDING 112 CLARK-ST

ESTATE OF PATRICK SHEA, DECEASED.—All persons having claims against the estate of Patrick Shea, deceased, are hereby notified and requested to attend and present such claims to the Probate Court of Cook County, Illinois, for the purpose of having the same adjusted, at a term of said court, to be held at the Probate Court room, in the City of Chicago, in said Cook County, on the third Monday of September, A. D. 1891, being the 21st day thereof. WINIFRED SHEA, Executrix.
Dated Chicago, July 9, 1891.
James O'Connell, Solicitor for Executrix.

ESTATE OF MICHAEL WHELAN, DECEASED.—All persons having claims against the estate of Michael Whelan, deceased, are hereby notified and requested to attend and present such claims to the Probate Court of Cook County, Illinois, for the purpose of having the same adjusted at a term of said court, to be held at the Probate Court room, in the City of Chicago, in said Cook County, on the third Monday of September, A. D. 1891, being the 21st day thereof.
Dated Chicago, July 20, 1891.
JANE M. WHELAN, Executrix.
James O'Connell, Solicitor for Executrix, Offices 916 Chicago Opera House Building, 112 Clark street.

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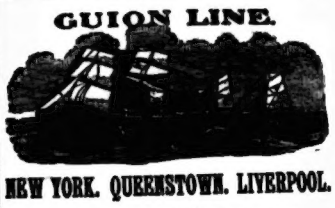

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